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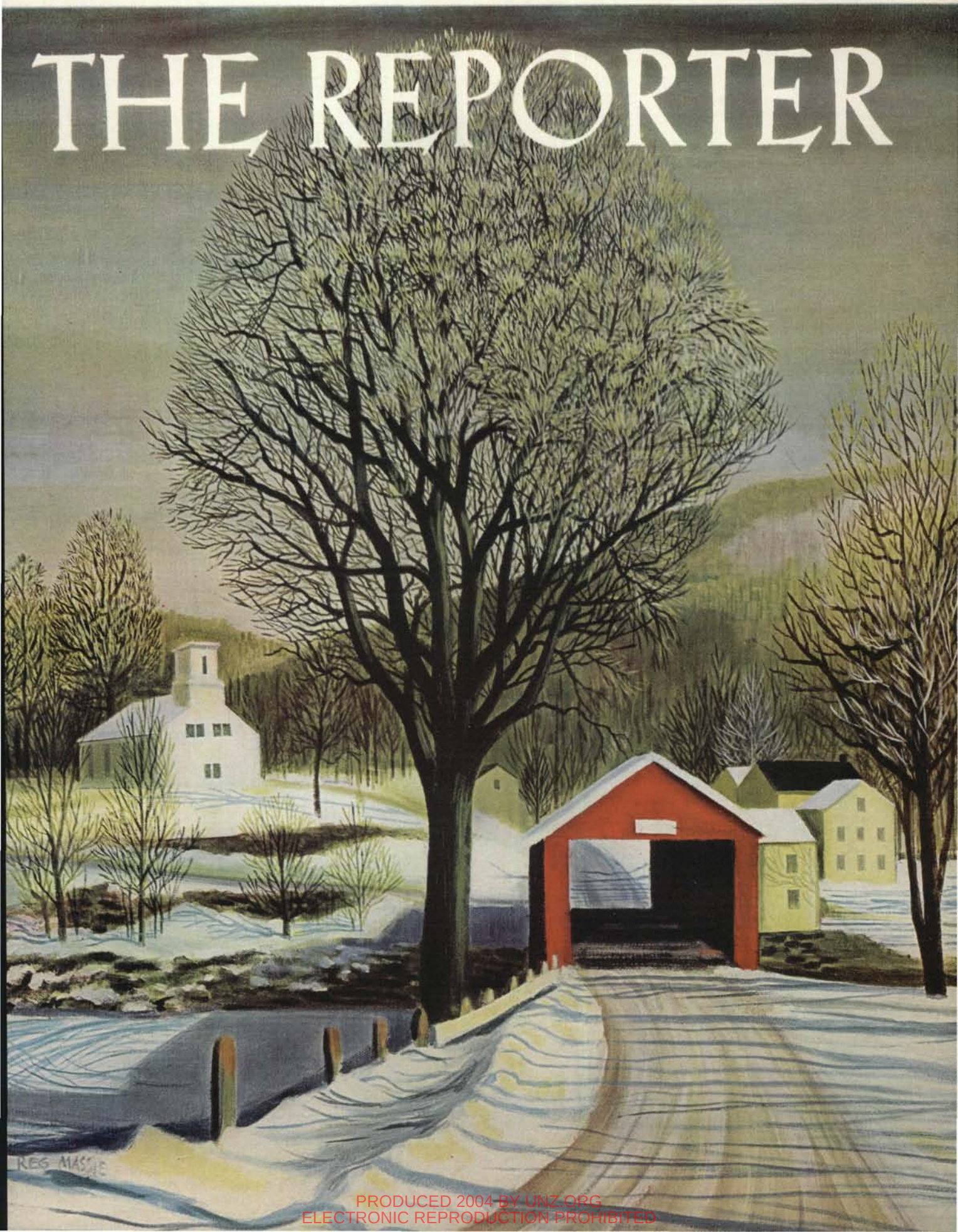
THE REPORTER



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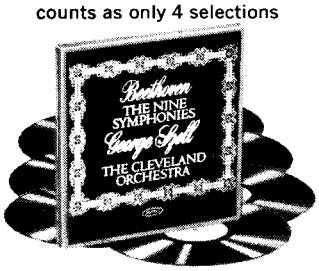

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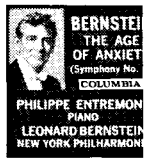

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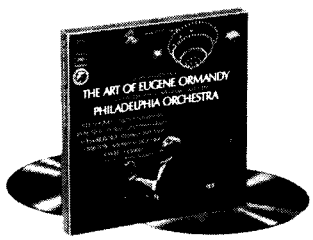

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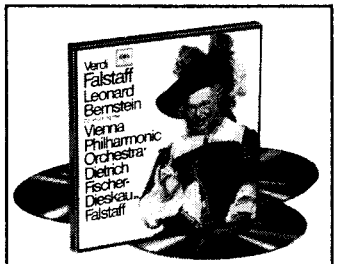

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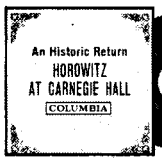

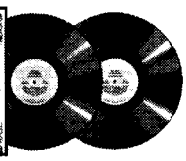

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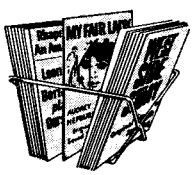

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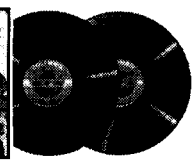

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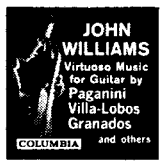

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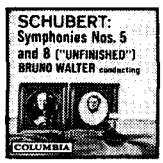

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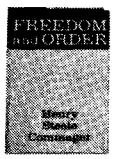

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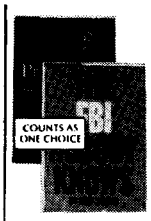

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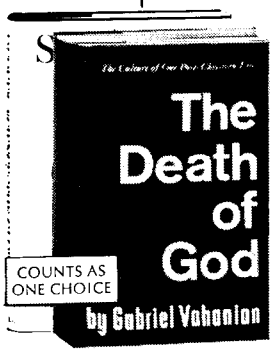

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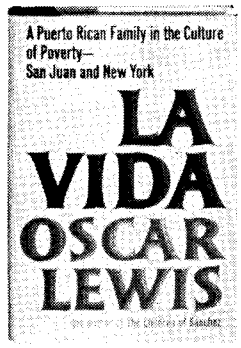

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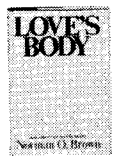

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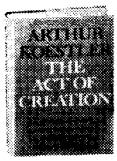

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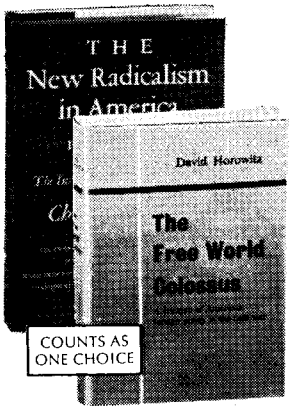

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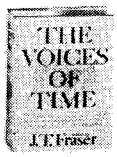

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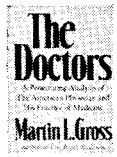

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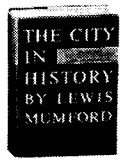

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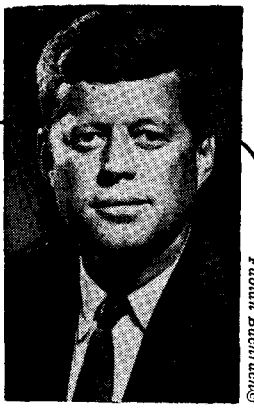

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

LOOKING at the world at this Christmas season, **Max Ascoli** finds his feelings today adequately expressed in an editorial he wrote some years ago.

The American brand of idealism has sometimes—often with justification—been derided as naïve. The Peace Corps, however, has undeniably captured the imagination of our youth and won a special place among our sacred cows. The word "imagination" is crucial in this context for, as **Efrem Sigel** relates in his account of his experiences as a Peace Corps volunteer in the Ivory Coast from 1964 to 1966, many who go off to serve in distant places have a most romantic idea of what lies ahead, just as many of the program planners seem to have an unrealistic conception of the conditions to be faced. The resulting conflict between fact and fantasy, Mr. Sigel says, can be one of frustration. At this point in the young program's development, the planners have much to learn from the comments of volunteers like Mr. Sigel, who has returned to study at Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration. This is his first article.

IT'S HARD for Europeans in Africa to do anything right. The Belgians were upbraided for not having prepared the Congo adequately for self-rule. Portugal has been criticized just as much for not granting independence to its African provinces at once. To be sure, "democracy" is not a term that can be applied to Portugal or its possessions, much less to the African so-called states that came hastily into being in the wake of the Congo debacle. But, according to **George Martelli,** Portugal's record is comparatively good and the many rival "liberation" movements that have been fighting each other and the Portuguese for years show far less promise of being able to better the condition of the natives. Mr. Martelli is a British journalist who has reported from Africa as a special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph.* He is the author of *Léopold to Lumumba: A History of the Belgian Congo, 1877-1960* (Verry). . . . Integration problems have come to the suburbs of the North and, as **John R. Wolf** reports from Stamford, Connecticut, they are as stubborn as elsewhere. Mr. Wolf is an attorney and city planner who has worked with the New York City Department of City Planning. . . . As Laos prepares to elect a new Assembly, the country is enjoying a precarious stability. The Royal Army has gained the upper hand over both right-wing and neutralist dissidents and has even made progress in the fight against the Pathet Lao. **Donald Kirk** is a Hong Kong-based free-lance writer for U.S. newspapers. . . . Most of the allies of the United States are conspicuous by their absence when it comes to fighting or even supporting the war in Vietnam. Not so Australia, which has two battalions in combat and, with the victory of the Holt government in the November election, will probably soon have at least one more. The Labor Party made the election a referendum on Vietnam, and **Denis Warner** reports from Melbourne that the voters overwhelmingly backed the Holt war effort. . . . **Martin F. Nolan** claims that he follows all sixty-three comic strips appearing in the Washington, D.C., newspapers. The rest of his day is spent covering the nation's capital for the Boston *Globe.*

Alfred Werner is an art critic and lecturer. He is the author of *Ernst Barlach,* just published by McGraw-Hill. The exhibition of Dutch art Mr. Werner discusses has been seen in San Francisco at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and is at the Toledo Museum of Art until January 8. It will be at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston from January 21 to March 5. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is the editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Jon Swan,** a young American poet living in Holland and working on a book, is the co-translator with Ulu Grosbard of *The Investigation,* the Peter Weiss drama. . . . **George H. T. Kimble,** the eminent geographer, is the author of *Tropical Africa* (available in abridged form in two volumes from Doubleday Anchor) and—*Our American Weather* (McGraw-Hill hardback, Indiana University Press paperback). . . . **Anne Fremantle's** books include *This Little Band of Prophets: The British Fabians* (Mentor-New American Library).

Our Christmas cover is by our art director, **Reg Massie.** The sign on the covered bridge in Green River, Vermont, carries this warning, a common one in New England: "$2 Fine for Crossing Faster Than a Walk."

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NATIONS—
emerging and eclipsing

ITALIAN COLONIALISM IN SOMALIA
by Robert L. Hess

This colorful history describes the complexities surrounding Italian acquisition of Somalia and colonial rule up to World War II. Hess tells of Italy's dependence on Great Britain in East Africa, and recounts her two experiments in governing through private companies. $7.95

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE EAST
1800-1914
Edited by Charles Issawi

These sixty-two selections systematically trace the economic transformation of the Ottoman Empire, Iraq, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, and the Sudan from "medieval" to "modern." Half the readings are newly translated from French, Arabic, German, Russian, Turkish, Hebrew, and Italian -- many are published here for the first time. This excellent review covers: integration into international commerce, investment of foreign capital, development of transportation, transition from subsistence to market-oriented agriculture, population growth, and the establishment of modern industries. $12.50

EDUCATION AND THE QUEST FOR MODERNITY IN TURKEY
by Andreas M. Kazamias

This case study of the role of education in modernization and development of Turkey covers two phases. First, it explores the change from an essentially private system of education to a state, secular one; second, it gives a sensitive and revealing description of education as a means of filling new social roles and as a route upward in society. Particular attention is placed in the impact of the West on a modernizing Ottoman-Turkish society. $6.00

DREAMS AND DEEDS
Achievement Motivation in Nigeria
by Robert A. Le Vine, with the assistance of Eugene Strangman and Leonard Unterberger

This unusually timely study—a psychological delving into the major ethnic groups of Nigeria—is particularly interesting during a time of Nigerian upheaval, with so much resentment and persecution of the Ibo tribesmen. The Ibo, the Yoruba, and the Hausa, traditionally have widely contrasting systems of social mobility. Using schoolboys as subjects, the author analyzes their dream reports and achievement and obedience values. $3.95

WAX AND GOLD
Tradition and Innovation in Ethiopian Culture
by Donald N. Levine

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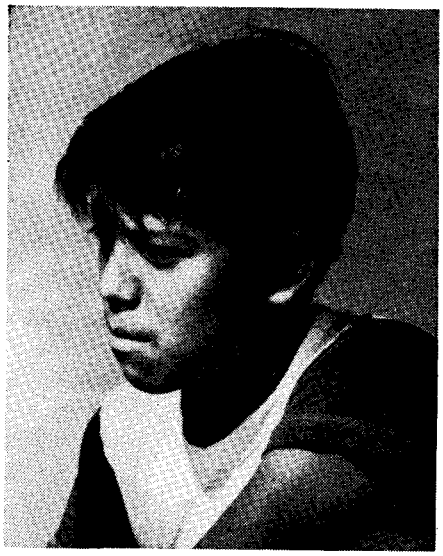

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CORRESPONDENCE

EAST OF SUEZ

To the Editor: I was rather surprised to find in *The Reporter* an article by a well-known archconservative. "East of Suez Up for Grabs," by Julian Amery in your December 1 issue, reads like something out of the past.

Once again a British Conservative's only suggestion for policy is to have the United States take over the job of preserving the remnants of empire in the Arabian Peninsula, Africa, and along the Indian Ocean routes to the East. And the same old bugaboo is raised: if we don't do it, the Soviets will move in, directly or through Nasser.

We must not be taken in. Military bases such as Aden are no longer needed to protect economic interests. The vitality and safety of British overseas trade and investments depend primarily on the efficiency and solvency of the British home economy, which can only be benefited by eliminating the expense of anachronistic outposts.

One does not wish for a take-over of the Middle East oil fields by régimes inimical to the West. Should it happen, however, I doubt that it would have much effect on the supply of oil to Europe, any more than Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal had on the flow of tankers and ocean trade. Whoever controls the oil will want to sell it, and Europe is the logical market.

GRAHAM MONTEAGLE
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Julian Amery presents a well-reasoned case against the British Labour government's shortsighted and potentially disastrous military economies East of Suez. I do not think, however, that the United States should attempt to replace Britain in the area. We should rather support the country in other ways, allowing it to stay on where it has unique experience and we have next to none.

HENRY GROSS
Baltimore

VIETNAM

To the Editor: Denis Warner's article "Vietnam: The Ordeal of Pacification" (*The Reporter*, December 1) is one of depth and perception which ranks with the best writing on Vietnam. You could not have printed a truer statement of the situation.

FRAZIER T. WOOLARD
Washington, North Carolina

To the Editor: Denis Warner is in my opinion the most experienced and best balanced reporter covering Vietnam. His December 1 article on the pacification program is heartbreaking in its description of the job to be done, the intelligent and energetic approach of the American planners, and the petty, obtuse obstruction of the Saigon bureaucrats and fat-cat generals. I suppose it is a classic example, as he says, of the frustrations we face in "the whole effort in Vietnam."

MARIO BIANCHI
Boston

PAUL DOUGLAS

To the Editor: Thank you for your moving and merited tribute to Paul Douglas ("The Reporter's Notes," December 1). His kind of liberalism—and yours—is rare in this overheated age.

MARY VISSER
Detroit

BOLIVIA'S REVOLUTION

To the Editor: Gladys Delmas's "Bolivia: Revolution in Mid-Passage" (*The Reporter*, December 1) is of great interest. All friends of the country will be encouraged by her reports of the enhancement of human dignity and the growth of enterprise within the Indian population, confirmed by those of returning anthropologists who have lived in rural communities.

However, as one who had the good fortune to be in Bolivia at the time of the revolution of 1952 and during the first sixteen months of the revolutionary régime, I would suggest that the following statement requires correction: "The Bolivian revolution, like the Mexican one before it, had devised its program as it went along: nationalizing the mines . . . under pressure from the Communist and Trotskyite unions, distributing land *after* the bloody invasion of the haciendas, enfranchising the illiterates in order to stay in power."

It is certainly true that many haciendas, particularly in the Cochabamba region, were seized by the campesinos *before* the land-reform law was adopted though *after* the triumph of the revolution. Action in this and other fields was no doubt often characterized by improvisation, administrative delay, and response to conflicting interests. Yet the three basic policies—nationalization of the great tin companies, land reform, and universal suffrage—together with the broader slogan of "the incorporation of the Indian in the national life," were all part of the platform on which the MNR (National Revolutionary Movement) contested the presidential elections of 1951, in which it received a plurality but not a majority of the votes. Certainly all of them were proclaimed from the first days of its seizure of power in 1952.

The comparison with Mexico is misleading. After the outbreak of the revolution in Mexico in 1910, some fifteen years elapsed before any substantial amounts of land were given to the people and another ten before the largest distributions were made under President Cárdenas. In Bolivia the land-reform decree was promulgated within fifteen months of the revolution. Indeed, one reason why the Bolivian movement could have a more clearly defined program was precisely that it had before it the Mexican precedent. What the MNR was trying to accomplish, or so

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its first Foreign Minister told me, was "the Mexican Revolution without ten years of Pancho Villa."

CARTER GOODRICH
History Department
University of Pittsburgh

HUAC'S MONEY

To the Editor: Your December 1 article by Daniel Rapoport ("The House Loses Patience with HUAC") makes a very persuasive—if unintentional—argument for increasing the appropriation for the House Un-American Activities Committee. It is obvious that the committee, if it were not forced to scrimp and scrape, would be able to rid the country of its most dangerous radicals simply by putting them on the payroll. If Phillip Abbott Luce, for $1,000, can be persuaded to do a study for the committee of his former associates in the Progressive Labor Party, just think what a few more thousand dollars might accomplish. Mario Savio could be put to work, for instance, on a study of the weird beliefs and habits of university hangers-on. In the quiet atmosphere of the library at Berkeley and with an unlimited HUAC grant, he might at last find his *raison d'être*. The same goes for Stokely Carmichael, if HUAC could assure him adequate means to study the un-American concept of minority power in the stimulating surroundings of the Neshoba County Library in Mississippi. Such largess might effectively change HUAC's image among the younger generation, who would then aspire to receive a coveted HUAC grant, where now the best they can hope for is a scholarship bearing the name of Fulbright.

MARTY LEACH
San Francisco

AFRICAN LEFT

To the Editor: I enjoyed reading Claire Sterling's report on the November meeting of the Organization for African Unity at Addis Ababa ("A Setback for the African Left," *The Reporter*, December 1). Not only was it a vivid and succinct summary of the "let's get down to business" approach that is rapidly gaining ground in Africa these days; it proved a point that the overzealous among us are apt to forget: *some* situations should be left to work themselves out.

ELEANOR BOGERT
Albany, New York

COVER TO COVER

To the Editor: As a student of political economy, I am ever interested in your fine magazine. Its thoroughness in reporting the facts and analyzing present international and national situations helps me greatly.

Interestingly enough, though, what made me buy your magazine for the first time a few years ago was the cover. Always imaginative, the cover pictures are collectors' items.

WILLIAM K. BERNHARDT
La Salle College
Philadelphia

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The Manchester Book

"I am shocked that Mr. Manchester would exploit the emotional state in which I recounted my recollections to him early in 1964; and I'm equally shocked that reputable publishers would take commercial advantage of his failure to keep his word." Thus Mrs. John F. Kennedy, recently declaring her intent to bring legal action against the author, serializers, and publishers of *Death of a President,* focused attention on two of the most rumor-ridden documents of recent times: the contract between Manchester and representatives of the Kennedy family concerning his "authorized" version of the Kennedy assassination, and the text of the story he has written. Since Mrs. Kennedy made her statement, a plethora of nameless spokesmen and counter-spokesmen have contributed to the confusion on both subjects, and the New York City publishing world—never known for its ability to keep secrets—has been aflame with its own unauthorized versions of what the book contains.

It is hard to think how the situation could have worked out worse from anybody's point of view. The basic cause of the trouble, copiously commented upon by editorialists everywhere, is almost too obvious to need further mention: namely, the Kennedy family's misguided original notion that an exclusive, "authorized" account of the Dallas tragedy as they thought of it was either feasible or—more important—proper. The results have been predictable: the Kennedy family has brought itself into the position of seeking to censor the Manchester work; speculations as to what has been deleted have cast both the Kennedys and President Johnson in the most unreal light; and the events of Dallas have been further robbed of dignity, as have the persons who were most immediately and profoundly affected by them.

It is not exactly a secret that at the heart of the present controversy is Manchester's sympathy with those in the late President's entourage who felt that Lyndon Johnson was indelicately prompt in assuming the responsibilities of his new office. Indeed, from the day of the assassination there has been a strange school of thought which held that those government officials, White House aides, and even Secret Service men who immediately put themselves in the service of the new President were somehow disloyal to the man who had been murdered—as distinct from being loyal to the Presidency. It was this feeling on the part of certain Kennedy aides which prompted the resentment—much hinted at in the press—aboard Air Force One, the President's plane, on its return flight from Dallas on the afternoon of November 22, 1963. There is no question that the excessive horrors to which they had all been subjected that day led many to excessive responses. In a way, the Manchester book will put an impossible burden on anyone who wishes to read the events in a fair context; he will have to attempt to imagine not only what everyone from President Johnson and Mrs. Kennedy to their most minor aides witnessed that day, but also what inner turmoil accompanied the sudden loss and—in the President's case—the sudden responsibility.

There is, however, one way of putting the story into context—at least partially—that most readers may not find too difficult. They may be able to look back to their own response to the news from Dallas that day and to all the fear and uncertainty it produced—and then ask themselves whether they were relieved by the knowledge that we had a President.

We all have lived those horrible hours from the first rumor of the murder to the assassination of the murderer to the funeral of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The TV reels are there, and from time to time we see excerpts from them again with the same unsurpassable anguish. Do we need now to live those hours and days at the far slower pace of the printed word, together with details that cannot be checked? Why should that tragic woman have thought of taking us into her confidence, of sharing with us those nightmarish hours before and after the assassination? To her has gone and goes the fullest measure of our sympathy and respect. We can do no more.

Vision or Television?

When Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D., Connecticut) opened the second series of his subcommittee's hearings on the Federal role in urban affairs, he noted that "Our dilemma is not that we lack the resources to do the job—but that we often lack the vision." For nearly three weeks, Ribicoff and Senators Jacob K. Javits (R., New York) and Robert F. Kennedy (D., New York), along with a large retinue of reporters, gathered in the Caucus Room of the Old Senate Office Building and listened to thirty-five witnesses, some professionally concerned with urban problems, some not.

With both kinds of witnesses, Ribicoff seemed to be in constant search of the "vision," not to mention the television. "What can society as a whole do for the Negro?" he asked a civil-rights leader. "How would you rearrange our national priorities?" he asked other witnesses. To the developer of a "new town" he put the question of whether the developer could work the same magic in an urban slum, given governmental *carte blanche:* "somebody would have to give you the land, do you think you could devise a plan to put together a city

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within a city?" The developer replied, "Why, sure."

The Ribicoff subcommittee's nominal concern as a unit of the Senate Government Operations Committee is "Executive Reorganization," normally a pedestrian preserve restricted to juggling government agency charts. Because Congress has not provided itself with a natural forum on urban affairs, however, but has relegated housing to its Banking and Currency Committees, the Ribicoff subcommittee was able to rush into the breach, as it has done in forays into the fields of auto safety and LSD.

The buildings commissioner of an average American city—or any serious student of urban problems—would leave the Ribicoff hearings saddened and dismayed at their elementary approach to issues now decades old. None of the Senators on the subcommittee has had wide experience in city government, and the same can be said of the subcommittee staff. As a sort of adult-education institute, televised nightly, the committee's presentation may have had some useful but limited effects. As for legislative results, on the last day of the hearings Senator Ribicoff promised "substantive legislative programs."

The very testimony of despair in the slums and retrogression on all urban fronts, however, seemed to indicate that governmental approaches to the problem require more than any "executive reorganization" could provide. The subcommittee, in exhuming ideas long discussed in academic symposia and presenting them nationwide, may have changed thinking on city problems among those who have never paid much attention to those problems. But as far as action for "the crisis" is concerned, what has it done?

The clarion calls of alarm sounded very much like a restatement of the preface to the administration's Demonstration Cities bill, which, as its name suggests, is an experiment in new approaches to the urban crisis. When it comes to current governmental chaos, highlighted by Senators Ribicoff and Kennedy, fairly recent cabinet members themselves, what will the subcommittee recommend? Does it mean to file a bill to rearrange national priorities? Will it call for an act of Congress to change the goals of society as a whole?

ANOTHER subcommittee of the Government Operations Committee, that on Intergovernmental Relations, deals with the changing roles of the components in the Federal system, and it is now examining ways of providing new channels for Federal aid and of strengthening the capacity of the states and cities to absorb new fronts. This subcommittee is a long step ahead of the Ribicoff subcommittee, not in publicity but in advancing toward achievements. Chaired by Senator Edmund Muskie (D., Maine), the subcommittee has been holding hearings for three years on coordinating Federal aid programs. It has heard no psychiatrists, novelists, or similar experts on the malaise of urban man, but only officials from all levels of government. In a time of glib talk about tax-sharing plans, "creative federalism," muscle-bound bureaucracy, "sick cities," and metropolitan awareness, Intergovernmental Relations seems a more likely arena for legislative and programmatic progress in meeting urban needs than does the juggling of bureaucratic baronies in Washington.

Bon Appétit!

A Russian journalist has published a book in which he depicts Americans as caffeine-addicted, mirthless, and insomniac. All this because of the capitalist system. We have another interpretation. Americans may be losing sleep and laughter, but it's not just because of the Yankee dollar. If bulletins of the Department of Agriculture provide an accurate barometer, it's because of those nagging doubts about conserves, those creeping fears about bugs.

Food and Home Notes, the department's fortnightly, assumes a hearty tone that is deceptive. ("To start a lively discussion, just ask the question, 'Is it wise to water the lawn in summertime?' ") Under the gaiety, levels of nervousness might well suggest to the foreign observer that in an anxious age we are an anxious people. True, but what makes us nervous, according to the department, is ants in our pantries. Further, we have aesthetic standards so high that we need reassurance about funny-looking sweet potatoes (they can be converted to dried flakes).

The primary function of the service is to advise the housewife how to cope with plentiful foods. The method is roughly this: if A and B are in good supply, regardless of how peculiarly they may relate to one another, dump them together to make C. Thus we arrive at salmon chunks with raisins, honey and almond-paste sandwiches, and crushed peanut brittle on almost everything. All this is very exciting, and the department seems to find it difficult to operate within standard time. National Peanut Week was celebrated enthusiastically in 1966 from March 2 to 12. The department also surely adds to American uneasiness by urging us at one and the same time to cultivate our gardens (don't plant the tuberous begonias upside down, cautions one article) and to eschew the edible produce thereof in favor of packaged convenience foods.

There are countless recipes for jam and jelly, punctuated with menacing questions: what are the causes of crystallization, of softness, of darkness, of gumminess, of mold? The obsession with bacteria is strong. Do they lurk in the dishwasher? In the dry cleaning? In the cold-water wash? Can an apartment be rid of bugs, can clothes be rid of moths, can a cat be rid of fleas by using a dog product? (The answer is "No.") The department's high hope is to make Pestina, its symbol of the traveling pest, as well known as everyone's chum, Smokey the Bear. Pestina is a curly-antennaed, bejeweled, and bosomy bug in a strapless gown, suggestively jutting out her hip as she tries to hitch a ride on fruits and plants. For 1967, besides the promoting of Pestina, the department's dreams for the future include the atomic radiation of fruit and of cotton, electronic merchandising in supermarkets, and the conversion of corn to foam for insulation of buildings.

Happy New Year.

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MAX ASCOLI

Christmas

It is appropriate, I think, that the question of what Christmas means in our day and country be asked not only from the pulpit but also on the editorial page of a magazine that is concerned with but not obsessed by politics. Wherever Christmas is observed and people wish each other merriment, they ought to find out what they should be merry about—lest this day be the culinary, bibulous culmination of a shopping spree.

The massive character of the Christmas celebration in our country, the Christmas trees alight, with all their trimmings, in such an overwhelming number of American homes, the "Adeste Fideles" heartily sung by men and women who are anything but *fideles*—all this by itself constitutes a phenomenon of imposing proportions. There must be some other reasons for it, aside from social conformity and the frantic advertising campaigns of department stores anxious to clear their inventories. The fact is that in the western world and probably well beyond its boundaries, it is difficult to find many civilized human beings whose hearts remain coldly unaffected by the anniversary of that birth—no matter whether they consider it a myth or historical reality.

Indeed, it is difficult to think of that birth as plain unquestionable history, but it is equally difficult to see it as a sheer legend—one of the many, many legends that the religions of the world have transmitted to us. For the Christian, that event 1966 years ago is the point of confluence and irradiation of countless miracles. For the non-Christian and the doubter, that legend and what came out of it is still the most extraordinary success story, the most durable piece of fictionalized theology, the history of mankind has ever known.

Certainly in the countries of western civilization both the believers and the nonbelievers who to any extent are stirred by painting or by music cannot help associating that birth with the accounts they have received from such artists as Giotto and Handel, to mention only two. Truly, there are no greater masterpieces in all the arts than those designed to make men relive the birth—or the crucifixion—of Christ.

Yet this is only part of the truth about the meaning of Christmas, for it concerns only a part or a section of mankind. Modern times have contributed something even more important and decisive than all the paintings of the Madonna and all the Christmas oratorios. Democracy and industrialism have proved to be extraordinarily contagious forces of literally universal appeal. They have brought to men of all races and religions the notion that no matter how abject their lot may be, they too can improve it if they only learn how to use the tools of modern technology and of self-government. Both sets of tools have become at the same time extraordinarily complex and extraordinarily easy to handle—if the very moderate price for apprenticeship is paid.

There are very few savage tribes left in our world where human beings have not been reached by the knowledge that they can establish communities of their own and defend a certain amount of personal privacy

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within them. The patterns for both community and national life and for the individual and his rights are easily available.

These patterns have been shaped during centuries of struggle and hard work by what can be called, to use a shorthand expression, Judaeo-Christian civilization. Actually, everything created on or near the shores of the Mediterranean during thousands of years which proved to be a force for enduring social cohesiveness went into the making of that civilization: The Jewish idea of the one universal God went into it, the disciplined thinking of Greek philosophy, the rules of conduct in practical affairs codified in that old testament of business called Roman law, and much more.

When the tumultuous fusion of all these component elements finally ended, and individualism both for the well-rounded human being and for independent nations emerged with the Renaissance, a period of explosive creativeness started that still proceeds at an ever-increasing pace.

But not one of the great explosive events of modern times can even be compared to the one where the idea of "rendering unto Caesar" was first announced—if for no other reason than because all the other revolutions, including the one which started rolling fourteen centuries later, can be traced back to the unto-Caesar principle. By becoming subject to two separate allegiances, to God and to Caesar, the human person was at the same time sanctified and fissioned.

Part, but only part, of man owes obedience to the temporal powers that be; the other part cannot be touched by those powers, and has a right to criticize and resist them. This realm of the spirit, this half of man which according to the Christian principle belongs to God, makes man responsible during the span of his life for the fraction of divinity entrusted to him. At the same time it establishes the dependence of men upon one another, as children of God, in a fundamental relationship of equality irrespective of personal worth or achievement.

The fission and the conflict between these two elements in man, no matter how called—Emperor and Pope, rights of kings and human rights, authority and freedom—has fantastically energized the human adventure, but gives little chance for relaxed, animal quiet to the human breed. No wonder the Jews have been the object of such unrelenting, revengeful hatred, particularly in recent times: They are held responsible not for the death of Christ but for His birth.

OUR MODERN CIVILIZATION is so deeply rooted in Christianity that it can sometimes afford not to consider itself Christian—particularly since the patterns it has created have been so eagerly adopted by peoples untouched by the Christian experience. Yet the nations that still call themselves Christian should not be allowed to forget that the ideals they live by are more or less veiled translations or secularizations of Christian principles. Perhaps these principles had better remain translated and secularized to avoid the curse of clericalism and theological dispute. But how can we be oblivious—at least at Christmas time—of the fact that the principle of freedom, sometimes called liberalism, is nothing but a translation in abstract terms of the Christian idea of man as the temporary responsible bearer of divine creativeness?

If we forget or do not care about all this, then we can be merry just the same on Christmas Day. But let us not pretend that we are celebrating the divinity—or the dignity—of man. Let us just go on a big binge that will leave us with a heavy head and a belching stomach the morning after.

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A Peace Corpsman Looks Back

EFREM SIGEL

Peace Corps volunteers arrive in the tropics loaded down with many sorts of equipment, not all of it physical. In addition to cameras, tape recorders, spray deodorants, and insect repellent, they carry with them a whole train of mental baggage: a set of attitudes and expectations about their new environment. The notion of romantic encounter is recurrent. After five months in an upcountry town in the Ivory Coast, one volunteer despaired of ever finding the elemental, sensual, somewhat evil Africa he found in Conrad's novels. In his isolated post, the values, if not the pace of life, were unfailingly bourgeois. *"L'Afrique,"* he wrote me resignedly, *"c'est le Brooklyn."*

With Africa, as with other things, distance lends enchantment. Instead of comparing their experience to an ordinary job at home, the young corpsmen weigh it against the intensity of Conrad's portraits or Graham Greene's matter-of-fact spirituality, and their anticipations resist all attempts to bring them into line with actuality; the ideas have a life of their own.

Before departing for the Ivory Coast as a teacher in 1964, I was as subject to these fantasies as anyone else. I insisted on spending part of my clothing allowance on a pair of heavy leather camping boots, imagining they would prove invaluable on long treks through the jungle. Once overseas, I realized the boots would have made odd apparel in a classroom or in the restaurants of nearby Abidjan, and they stayed on the bottom shelf of my closet for two years.

For me, as for most others, my Peace Corps career began on the campus. In a senior-year mood of "anything is worth a thought," I filled out the questionnaire and took the test and promptly forgot about it until a day in April when I received a bulky envelope in the mail marked "Invitation to Training." At the time, I was cramming for a final examination in English history, but my eyes kept wandering to the brochures for French-speaking Africa that the Peace Corps had sent me. They had pictures of happy African children and were written in pseudo-realistic public-relations prose. A typical passage went something like this: "The days will be long and hot. The people may be unfriendly. You won't be paid anything. You probably won't accomplish much either. But . . ." There was always a but. Already I had two images: Kurtz paddling his lonely canoe up the river, and Churchill enumerating all the obstacles to victory and pledging a fight to the finish. I told myself: "It may be tough, but *I* won't surrender either."

Obviously no two Peace Corps volunteers give exactly the same reasons for joining, but there is an astonishing similarity in their backgrounds and experience. By almost every criterion, they are a highly distinct and unrepresentative group. Of the forty-two individuals in the Ivory Coast when I was there, all but six were between twenty-one and twenty-three when they entered the Peace Corps, all but three were recent college graduates with degrees in the liberal arts, and the overwhelming majority—this is a personal impression—came from middle-middle and upper-middle-class families. Such apparent uniformity is not limited to the Ivory Coast project. These are characteristics that hold for Peace Corps volunteers in general.

The attitude of parents apparently played an important role in lining up candidates for or against. The parents of college students who declined invitations often were not so well educated as the parents of those who joined and were more inclined to pressure their children to get on with the job of starting a career. The experience and education of all applicants disposed them to be internationalist and humanitarian, naturally oriented toward service and good works. But unlike those who said "No" to the Peace Corps, those from high-income families could look on work overseas as a furthering of their education rather than as time lost.

Whatever the initial motivation, however, a volunteer's ideas and attitudes change overseas. In the early years Peace Corps officials were endlessly fascinated with the question of the volunteers' mental adjustment. According to official analyses, there were three or possibly four personal crises in each tour: the trauma of training, the crisis of arrival overseas, the crisis of engagement, and perhaps a crisis of departure as well. (Later it was discovered that there may also be a re-entry crisis upon returning to the United States.)

On the questionnaire given at my termination conference, we were asked to note periods of particular elation or depression over the two-year stint. What emerged, however, from the responses of twenty-five Peace Corps teachers was "no pattern whatsoever." Rather than a neatly oscillating curve of ups and downs, what seemed to characterize the attitudes of the volunteers I knew was a new way of looking at the world. From all the evidence, we were great idealists before reaching our assignments and great cynics afterward.

Not all of the change was due to disappointment. A good deal of it, I think, was simply growing up. Much of what we felt was the disillu-

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sionment of young men on any first job at suddenly finding that however extraordinary their ideas or talents may seem to them, the world in which they live is quite ordinary. On the other hand, there *is* one set of conditions peculiar to the Peace Corps that quickly teaches one the limits of professional idealism—the difficulty of communication. The market lady who saw me coming and mentally added ten francs to the price of a pineapple would have been quite immune to any suggestion of the noble sacrifice I was making. Telling my pupils of the rigors of Peace Corps training would not have pricked them into studying furiously. And of course if I had waved my altruistic credentials at my French colleagues, they either would have snickered at this new confirmation of American gullibility or recited a litany on the hopelessness of any effort in Africa.

Living with the People

The difficulties experienced by some volunteers are more deep-seated. For young women teachers in the Ivory Coast, for example, discipline was often a sticking point. In one school, students who had been specially selected were often filled with a sense of their own importance as the future elite. Discipline sagged, largely because of a principal who was weak and ineffectual. As a result, the volunteers had continuing problems in class with students who were unco-operative or blatantly disrespectful by turns. In such circumstances it is little comfort to tell oneself that one is helping an underdeveloped country stand on its feet, or to see pictures in the *Volunteer* of pretty girls with their arms around Venezuelan waifs.

Another girl working in the *foyer feminin* program—women's adult education—was given a part of the building that contained the women's center for her own quarters. In the middle of the year an Ivorian co-worker moved into the same building, installing, in African fashion, several cousins and relatives, while other casual visitors dropped in from time to time. The family tracked mud in the volunteer's kitchen, borrowed her dishes, stole her soap powder, took water from her filter, and stored beer in her refrigerator. Though the co-worker had the equivalent of a sixth-grade education, she insisted on running the center her own way. She ignored the part of the syllabus that dealt with hygiene and baby care—the only lessons that were of practical value—in order to concentrate on reading. For reading class she took the so-called advanced class, those who could recognize letters and words, and left the others to the volunteer, who could take little consolation from the fact that she was ostensibly fulfilling two of the precepts of Peace Corps orthodoxy: living with the people and working with a host-country counterpart.

In Africa the highly regarded counterpart system, a cornerstone of the Peace Corps experience, often causes volunteers considerable grief. Where the differences in education and aims between volunteer and co-worker are too great, the desired co-operation simply breaks down. The African may resent the arrival of a white foreigner to "help" as a threat to his own position. Often he reacts either by ignoring the volunteer's suggestions or by attempting to dominate him completely. The volunteer, taught to smile and hold his temper at all times, withdraws into himself and struggles to keep

his own resentment from showing. He is buffeted by personal slights and disheartened by the obvious impossibility of any success on the job; slogans about intercultural friendship leave a very sour taste in his mouth. It is no coincidence that the girls in the *foyer feminin* project who enjoyed their work most were those who were alone in a center and could run the program the way they wanted. At their termination conference the girls agreed that the *foyer* program did not deserve to be continued: the yield was simply too low for the work and personal anguish that went into it. Few women attended class and fewer still could be reached in any meaningful way.

Despite their basic similarity of outlook, volunteers reveal subtle yet important differences in the way they go about their work. No two volunteers use the same classroom methods, interest themselves in the same activities, bring the same devotion to their task, or put the same value on their contribution. The differences could show up in small, even absurd ways. Once we discussed drinking water. "I never give one of my students so much as a glass of water when they come to the house," one volunteer maintained. He felt that giving away water would only encourage the students to demand other things; people should come to see him, not to get a gift. (Indeed, this was a recurring problem, for students would show up and ask for anything from a watch to a sheet of airmail stationery without the least trace of embarrassment.) Another volunteer responded heatedly, "I always offer my visitors something to drink. You'd do that in the States if someone dropped in, wouldn't you?"

The spirit that the volunteers brought to their work varied so widely that one sometimes could hardly believe that two Peace Corpsmen had been in the same country. In the last report on his work, a teacher in the Ivory Coast wrote: "And finally there is the observable fact that most students are incredibly spoiled, show no gratitude for their *completely free* education, and have no concept of human or civic responsibility." But another teacher in a different town wrote: "Students are serious and will work for an interesting teacher. This bosh from the French teachers that they willingly sabotage exams to spite a teacher is not to be believed. . . . Pressure at the school is such that students' free study time is not sufficient. They study clandestinely at night (after lights-out) with small lamps

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that strain the eyes, or even with candles. They get up early, sometimes as early as 4 A.M., to go over the lessons, and if your class is not interesting they will use it to get their math done in." My own conclusions about the diligence of Ivory Coast students fall somewhat short of this encomium, but I could never accuse them of lacking all notion of "human or civic responsibility."

Fulfilling the Contract

There are admittedly also great variations in the intellectual quality of students and in the general school atmosphere from one institution to another, but it was not experience so much as the mental predispositions that each brought to his work that made the difference between these two reports. Cases where a volunteer fails to meet the minimum demands of his job are rare, especially in an area like teaching that has well-defined working hours. Much more common is the teacher who does a conscientious day-to-day job of teaching but does not extend himself in any other direction. I asked a Peace Corps evaluator how he went about judging the effectiveness of volunteers in out-of-the-class activities. "It's easy," he replied. "I just ask him, 'What are you doing in the community?' Most of the time the answer is 'Nothing.' "

One volunteer who did make strenuous efforts to work with his students outside school passed a biting judgment on his fellow volunteers in a special memorandum written for Peace Corps officials. After outlining ways in which he thought volunteers could improve education in their schools, he concluded by saying: "Oddly enough, the most vehement opposition to such proposals will doubtless come from the most unlikely of sources: volunteers themselves. We already know that Ivory Coast Peace Corps teachers are the highest paid, best lodged, and best fed in the world. It is surprising that no one has as yet come up with the rest of it—that they are the laziest. I doubt that many other PCVs in the world would have the gall to claim that twenty-two hours of English a week fulfills their PC contract. Ours do."

Any judgment is speculative, but my own guess is that Ivory Coast volunteers have no monopoly on clock watching and that they rate perfectly well in comparison with other volunteers in Africa. My only source here is conversations with volunteers, of which the following illustrations are typical. After I had been teaching two months, a volunteer from Nigeria came through my town and I gave him a bed and a meal. We talked about conditions in the Northern Region and I asked what he had done for a summer project. "Oh, I told them I was going to do some projects at school, organizing a library, construction—you know. Sometimes I'd go to school for an hour or so in the morning, and the rest of the day I'd spend at the pool in town." I asked if other volunteers had similar "projects." He said it was not uncommon. About a year later a volunteer from Morocco visited me, and I asked him what the main difference was between the Peace Corps in the Ivory Coast and in Morocco. "Do all of your volunteers work as hard as the ones I've seen?" he asked. My eyes widened. "Well, the teachers teach twenty hours a week and the girls in the mobile project go into the villages four or five times a week, if you call that working hard," I replied. "They work about twice as hard as I do in Morocco," he said.

One explanation of such behavior is that volunteers are lazy. A more balanced conclusion, however, would try to match volunteers' behavior against the conditions in which they live. As with their attitudes toward their counterparts, volunteers' feelings about job or extracurricular activities usually grow out of their firsthand experiences. This was certainly true of my own efforts to lead a Red Cross club. On Thursday mornings in the Ivory Coast there is no school, and I well remember the concentration of will it took me to get out of bed and up to the local hospital by 8:30 to meet the few devoted members of the club. My reluctance had something to do with the knowledge that my colleagues were all sleeping late, or with my desire to get to Abidjan later and do some shopping. Mostly, however, the reluctance came from a private input-output equation that went whirring through my head, an equation that always seemed to crank out the same answer: Don't bother, it doesn't pay. And there were good reasons to listen. The president of the club would show up half an hour late with a report on his friends: "Atakpa has to work for his uncle; Jean can't come. All the girls had to go to school to serve a punishment." Already the forces of voluntarism had thinned considerably.

At home, before going to the hospital, I had prepared some materials for a lesson on infant feeding: pictures of porridge, of oranges, vegetable puree, and eggs that I slapped professionally against a felt black-

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board. I had had in mind making a talk to assembled expectant mothers in the prenatal clinic. But I had fallen victim to the inertia of the world I was in. Who could confront the impassivity of those African women and find even a twinge of any inspiration to teach?

One day, however, I pedaled resignedly up to the hospital, the felt board under one arm, pictures and displays in a manila envelope.

"I'm ready to give my course," I announced to the head midwife, who had become a friend. The waiting room was crowded with silent women holding bottles; they had come to give urine specimens for the prenatal checkup. The midwife, an educated woman, smiled noncomittally. "I'll talk in French, of course; all I need is someone to interpret," I continued.

"Well, there are many languages," she said.

"If you translate into Dioula and Appolo, won't that do?"

"Some are Abouré, some are Agni. They won't understand." Her unspoken question was: What would it all accomplish, beyond satisfying my own need to make a gesture? I saw that I was really debating with myself and losing. "Well," I said, shamefaced, abashed at my own lack of resolution, "why don't we put it off, then?" "Putting it off," of course, meant dropping the whole idea. I backed out quickly and disappeared.

Crisis of Commitment

In retrospect the memory is painful. The ethic of do or die, all out for the good cause, is still uppermost in my mind. I am glad I made the Thursday-morning visits, regretful that I did not force myself to take advantage of more such opportunities. The difficulty comes from trying to reconcile do-or-die ethics with input-output equations. If one put in an hour of health education every Thursday morning for a year, one might convince two pupils and one new mother—and that would be the one in a hundred who had been to school. I suppose this is the elemental dilemma of the social worker, the question of return. Having suffered the pangs myself, I bristle involuntarily at the mention of "success" or "failure" overseas.

I once asked the director of the French volunteers in the Ivory Coast, young men working in agriculture and rural construction, whether he was satisfied with his program. He called it a success, which prompted me to ask what he meant by the word. "Oh, a ten per cent rate of efficiency. If ten per cent of the people we reach respond, then we're doing magnificently."

Apart from the inevitable slackers, the volunteer who fails does not lack good intentions. He is probably cursed with a too reasonable turn of mind: he cannot stop asking himself what good any particular action would serve. This is the genuine crisis of commitment for Peace Corps volunteers. I doubt if its reso-

lution lies in choosing those individuals who will persevere at any cost—there are too few of them. If there is an answer, it is to make the volunteer's job easier, not harder—to give him a task where he will have a stake in commitment, and where the commitment flows more or less naturally from the importance of what he is doing. A job that is a treadmill of frustration cannot stimulate enthusiasm. Teachers who see an opportunity to accomplish something are not laggards. It is only when the Peace Corps says vaguely that in his spare ten or fifteen hours a week he should go out and develop the community that the volunteer scratches his head and wonders what the use is. He is intuitively right; in most cases success comes not from dividing one's effort among various projects, but in multiplying the time spent on one thing or with one group of people.

Glyn Roberts, who studied long-term volunteer programs in Africa for UNESCO, made a similar point after extensive travel and observation. On the basis of seven months in Africa interviewing headmasters, officials, and volunteers of several nations, he wrote in the Peace Corps *Volunteer*, "I am more than ever convinced that it is the project which makes the volunteer." And he went on to say, "Most of the volunteer 'failures,' from what I can gather, have never had a fighting chance. And many of the 'successful' volunteers admit candidly that it is the job which is good and they were just lucky to find it."

In addition to the quality of the effort put forth, a factor that separates volunteers is the level of their intellectual curiosity, their interest in the host country. The Peace Corps talks a great deal about culture shock, which is simply the feeling of alienation that one has from living in a foreign country and being unable to understand the behavior of people. A frequently cited example in the Ivory Coast is the first visit to the post office. The volunteer walks briskly to the counter and demands his stamps. Nothing happens. Only after waiting ten minutes does he realize that it is necessary to wish a very cordial good morning to the clerk before any transaction can take place. An important but little explored corollary of culture shock is culture ennui: the volunteer thinks he understands the foreign culture but tells himself that it is uninteresting. The customs are slightly primitive, the people a little dull and simple, and the diversions silly. Once the volunteer slips into this frame of mind, it becomes extremely difficult for him to generate any enthusiasm for helping people. He may teach irregular verbs or demonstrate baby care from a sense of duty, but he is bound to find it painful and unrewarding.

In Africa in general there seems to be a high incidence of boredom among teachers. They are working in a western-oriented school system

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and are cut off from more traditional and informal African life. Even the people they see outside of school are either Europeans or Africans trying to act like Europeans. In the absence of any real personal contact with Africans, the volunteer regards them as cold and uninteresting, and this colors his whole attitude toward the foreign culture. Girls who worked in the mobile *foyer* program often had a different experience, however. They visited several villages a week to give the women courses in child raising, nutrition, and disease prevention. In the course of these visits they had extensive contact with village notables—the chief and elders—as well as the chance to observe the current of everyday life in a small African community. Not all the girls benefited equally from this exposure, but those who went at it with the proper mixture of élan and toughness learned a tremendous amount. A measure of their knowledge was an eighty-page training manual drawn up by girls in the project to help prepare future volunteers. A rich and slightly incoherent grab bag of information, it provides some brilliant clues to village customs, power structure, and health practices. It also serves as an example of how the right kind of job automatically projects volunteers into the workings of a foreign culture.

Unwelcome Hyperbole

"Would you do it again?" the volunteers are asked on questionnaires at the end of their Peace Corps service. Nine out of ten say "Yes." "We learned a lot" is the common theme. But there is all the difference in the world between young Americans learning "a lot" and official claims that the work of the Peace Corps is laying the foundation for a new world community. Jack Vaughn, the Peace Corps director, quoted with approval a Dominican official who sobbed that the Dominican Republic might have been spared its revolution and bloodshed if the Peace Corps had only sent four hundred volunteers as requested. Warren Wiggins, the deputy director, suggested in a speech that the Peace Corps was concretely involved in "nation-building," and "We believe that Americans, particularly college students, can be a critical element in the evolution of a society." He gave the example of Malawi, an African country where "two-thirds of the high-school teachers with degrees are volunteers." Charles Peters, director of the Evaluation Division, argued in an article on "The Relevance of

the Peace Corps" that volunteers should represent what was best in American culture in an effort to work fundamental changes in the societies of developing countries. "We have a cause—the struggle for world peace," he proclaimed.

Helping a country sidestep revolution, building a new nation, promoting world peace—these are large achievements. Few activities of the Peace Corps seem to merit such grandiose description. In the Dominican Republic, volunteers in urban-development projects are organizing neighborhood clinics or helping to obtain piped water for a *barrio;* those in rural-community development are setting up agrarian leagues and advising on local school construction. This is important work, the kind that, if carried out on a large scale, might begin bearing fruit in eight or ten years. But it is hard to see how five times as many volunteers would have affected either the rebels who tried to take over the government in 1965 or the unyielding military junta that resisted them. Peace Corps teachers in Malawi may be working in classrooms in large numbers, but African officials there and elsewhere are not about to turn over the task of charting national policy to young American volunteers. Malawi, in fact, is one of the few countries where volunteer activities have drawn an official reprimand: President Hastings Banda complained in a speech that volunteers were trying too hard to live like the people, when as teachers their job was to take a more professional, more aloof attitude. Instead, here were Americans living in huts, dressing sloppily, sleeping with local girls, and, worst of all, getting mixed up in local politics.

It is with good reason that volunteers are impatient with official overstatements of their work. In the first years of the Peace Corps, a comic dialogue developed between volunteers and staff that went something like this: "We didn't accomplish anything." "Of course you did. You were just too close to the situation to appreciate what you had done." According to official theory, the staff member who visited from time to time had a better idea of what was accomplished than those on the spot, while those who stayed in Washington had the best idea of all. Fortunately this logic has fallen somewhat into disrepute, and much of the shifting emphasis in Peace Corps programming and operations has in fact come from listening closely to what volunteers have said.

THOSE WHO LISTEN closely cannot fail to observe that the difficulties cited most frequently on the questionnaires given to corpsmen at the end of their tour of duty were "frustrating work experience" and "lack of activity of nationals in helping themselves." From my own experience, I would say that it is the second problem, the one of host-country attitudes, that shapes the views of volunteers about their own contributions, whether or not they are conscious of it. As in the case of Japan or China, the initial stimulus to development may come from outside—in the shattering influence of a technologically more developed society. But the drive itself depends on a local leadership disciplined enough to forgo its own pleasures in order to promote advancement. This is the consideration that should inform all programs of assistance, whether monetary, technical, or human.

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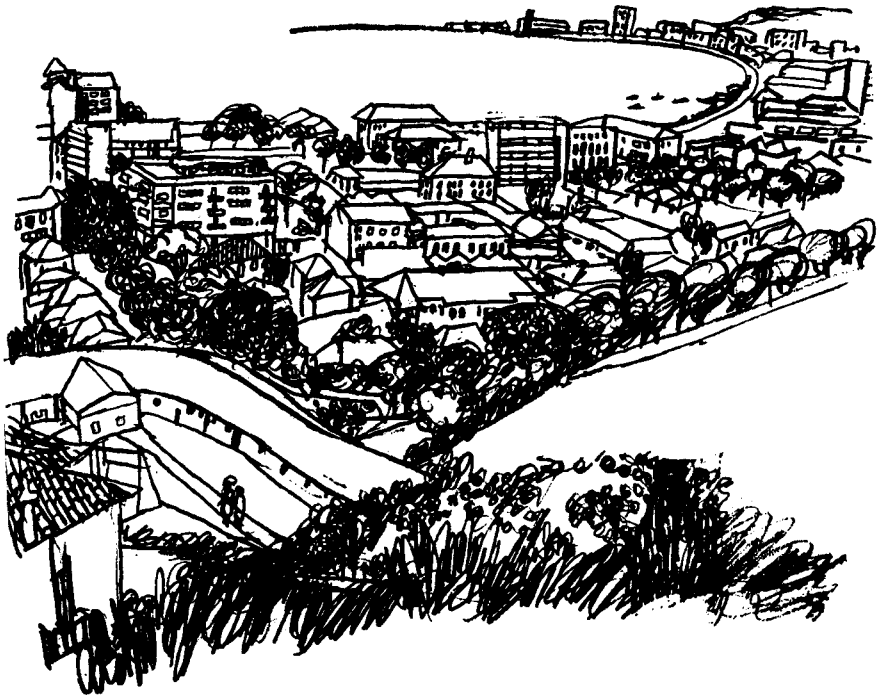

Portugal's African Provinces

GEORGE MARTELLI

When rebellion broke out in Angola in 1961, it was widely believed that the days of the Portuguese in Africa were numbered. They had been there for nearly five hundred years, and it was high time, so many people thought, for them to get out, all the more so since all the other main colonial powers—Britain, France, and Belgium—had either relinquished their overseas possessions or were in the process of doing so. But after five years of fighting, and in spite of every outside pressure, Portugal's determination to remain in Africa is as strong as ever and its immediate prospects there brighter rather than darker.

To this unexpected result several factors have contributed: the failure of African guerrillas against disciplined troops, the loyalty—or apathy—of the bulk of the African population, the lack of unity among the various liberation movements, the lack of effective support from other African countries, divided as they are and beset by internal difficulties, and the disillusionment of the West with the results of independence.

Independence, in many cases, has led not to a flowering of democracy but to the establishment, sometimes after civil or tribal war, of one-party states or of personal or military dictatorships, the stifling of all opposition, economic stagnation or worse, and increasing dependence on foreign aid. By contrast the Portuguese territories—outside the areas of guerrilla warfare—present a picture of relative economic and social progress.

Furthermore, events in Africa have convinced some western strategists that the ejection of the Portuguese from Africa would be a victory not so much for liberal ideas as for the Communists in the cold war. Among the rebel leaders in Angola, Mozambique, and Portuguese Guinea are men who have been trained in subversion in Algeria, Czechoslovakia, or China, and their arms come from the same sources. There are training camps in Guinea, the Brazzaville Congo, and Tanzania. It is not very likely that the Portuguese territories, if ever they gained their independence, would be allowed to remain under western influence. Much more probably they would become bases for the final assault on the "white redoubt" in southern Africa. This thought has had a softening effect on the policies of Washington and London vis-à-vis Portuguese Africa.

Disarray in the OAU

Portugal has also benefited from the split in the Organization for African Unity, from the quarrels between African leaders, and the elimination of such extremists as Nkrumah and Ben Bella. The military men who have taken over in Ghana, Algeria, Nigeria, and several other African countries are much more concerned with keeping the peace in their own countries than with helping the war against Portugal, and much more frightened of Communist-backed subversion than of western "imperialism." They may pay lip service to the liberation movements, but they have neither the means—in money, men, or arms—nor the will to assist them effectively.

The same could be said of such moderates as Presidents Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya and Hastings Banda of Malawi. Indeed, Banda is on good terms with his Portuguese neighbors in Mozambique, not only because landlocked Malawi depends for its outlet to the sea on the Mozambiquan railway but also because Dr. Banda and the Portuguese have a common enemy in Tanzania, which provides asylum both for the Mozambiquan rebels and for Dr. Banda's political opponents. Hence he fears that if revolution succeeded in Mozambique it would not stop short at the frontiers of Malawi.

As regards the attitude of the native population of Portuguese Africa, it is largely influenced by the fact that among the primitive peoples of the continent the traditional enemy is not the colonial power but the neighboring tribe, and that they

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look to the former to protect them against the latter. It was only to be expected, therefore, that when the Portuguese made it clear that they were not leaving them to their fate, tribes not directly involved in the rising should have rallied to the government.

In all three territories the rising took the same form and was confined to one or two tribes—the Bakongo in Angola, the Balantas in Portuguese Guinea, and the Maconde and Nyanja in Mozambique. All these tribes are distributed on both sides of the frontiers, which mostly run through dense bush, and it was thus easy for guerrillas based over the border to infiltrate and persuade their fellow tribesmen, by promises or intimidation, to join them in attacking the Portuguese. If a village refused, it would be pillaged and burned and its headman executed. In this way the rebels have killed many more Africans than Portuguese, whose casualties in five years of campaigning have been relatively light.

To keep out of trouble, hundreds of thousands of Africans have crossed the frontiers of Angola, Portuguese Guinea, and Mozambique to seek asylum in the neighboring countries, where refugee camps have received a large number. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that all these people are running away from the Portuguese. Many left their homes so as not to get involved and to avoid being forced to join the rebels or to work for them.

The Rival Rebels

In Angola and Mozambique less than a tenth of the total area of the territory has been seriously affected, and probably a smaller proportion of the population. In the northern district of Angola, where the rising occurred, the production of coffee, which is important to the economy of the province, has been successfully maintained through all the trouble, while in Mozambique the disturbed area adjoining the northern frontier is sparsely populated and has no economic significance.

Portuguese Guinea is much smaller, and because of the nature of its terrain it is more difficult to defend. When the rebels attacked in 1963 there was a danger of their cutting it in two, from south to north. The Portuguese had very few troops, all black, but the majority of tribes, including the largest, the Fula, who are Moslems, remained loyal and asked for arms to defend their villages. Since then more than ten thousand troops have been enrolled either as native militia or civilian volunteers to fight the rebels. All important villages are defended, and the rebels are confined to hiding places in the bush or to the swampy region south of Bissão, the capital, where it is difficult to pursue them.

Their leader, Amilcar Cabral, president of the African Party for the Independence of Guinea and Cape Verde (PAIGC), is a mulatto, whose family came to Guinea from the Cape Verde Islands and who was once a senior official in the Portuguese administration. He has been an honored guest in several Communist countries and lives in Conakry, the capital of Guinea, conveniently near the base camp for his guerrillas, which is situated at a place called Kindia and is staffed by Algerians. Algeria is also the channel through which the guerrillas receive arms from the Communist countries.

Cabral's party has a rival, however, in FLING (Front for the Liberation of an Independent National Guinea), whose headquarters are in Senegal, and there is little love lost between the two parties. FLING has not attempted to organize subversion inside Portuguese Guinea; but should the Portuguese ever withdraw, it would undoubtedly assert its claim to be more representative of the Guineans than PAIGC, which is largely run by Cape Verdeans. This would bring the two parties into conflict.

The same kind of rivalry, which in Africa is usually inspired as much by tribal as by political differences, has also weakened the nationalist movements of Angola and Mozambique. It was rightly or wrongly believed that Holden Roberto, leader of the Union of Angolan Peoples (UPA), which staged the revolt in Angola, derived his main support from the United States. This led the Communists to give their backing to the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), which is based in Brazzaville, across the Congo River from Kinshasa (formerly Léopoldville), where Roberto has his headquarters. The MPLA has the use of Brazzaville Radio and devotes more of its propaganda to denouncing Roberto as the "tool of imperialism" than to attacking the Portuguese. Its subversive activities are limited to sporadic attacks on Cabinda, the Portuguese enclave situated north of the mouth of the Congo.

Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, president of the Front for the Liberation of Mozambique (FRELIMO), has also been under fire from other nationalists. Mondlane is a highly educated man who was employed for several years in the Trusteeship section of the United Nations, has taught at Syracuse University, and is married to an American. He has claimed to be getting arms from the East and money from the West, and as much of either as he needs, but his preference, if he had to choose, would undoubtedly be the West. This and the fact that he appears to live in comparative affluence, with a comfortable apartment and an office in Dar es Salaam, have aroused resentment in some of the other Mozambiquan parties, three of which last year set up a rival organization called Revolutionary Committee for Mozambique (COREMO), with an office in Lusaka, Zambia. Among other charges, they have publicly accused FRELIMO of killing more Africans than Portuguese.

All of these movements depend, of course, on the support of the countries that provide the bases for their subversive operations. As time goes on, this tends to be less willingly given. The presence of poorly disciplined armed bands, along with their dependents, who need to be fed or given land to cultivate, can be an embarrassment to the host government. Generally speaking, the support of revolution in other countries, besides imposing a drain on their resources that they can ill afford, has had the effect of distracting African governments from their pressing internal problems.

The Threat from the Congo . . .

But while the rebels spend much of their time in squabbling among themselves, they are well supplied with bases, arms, and money, and there are signs of an increase of rebel

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activity, especially in Angola and as a result of recent events in the Kinshasa Congo. There President Joseph Mobutu seems to have made a deal with his neighbors in Tanzania and the Brazzaville Congo. These two countries, through which aid has been sent to the rebels in the eastern Congo, would cease such aid, and in return Mobutu would swing his Congo into the "unaligned," or radical, camp of African states. This would explain his quarrel with the Belgians in the summer, the rupture of relations with Portugal in the fall, the virtual expulsion of the U.S. ambassador, G. McMurtrie Godley, and, more recently, plans to resume diplomatic relations with the United Arab Republic and the Soviet Union.

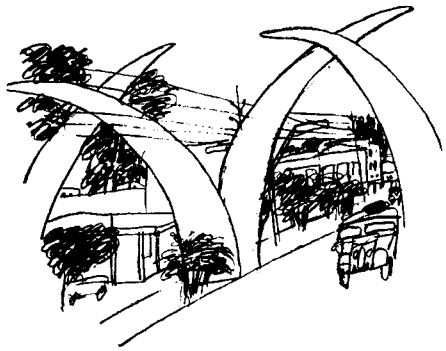
As the springboard for all rebel operations in Angola, the Kinshasa Congo is a crucial factor in the situation there. With the exception of MPLA, which is based in Brazzaville, the half dozen Angolan nationalist parties all have their headquarters in Kinshasa. If Mobutu has really decided to throw in his lot with the African extremists, he may give the Angolan rebels better facilities. One consequence of such a policy could be the return of the Communist-backed MPLA to Kinshasa, and a weakening of Congolese support for Holden Roberto's Revolutionary Government of Angola in Exile. The MPLA moved to Brazzaville in 1963 when the Organization for African Unity recognized Roberto's "government." In the last few months, however, Roberto has been losing ground in the revolutionary movement. In October he attended a meeting with MPLA representatives in Cairo, after which it was announced that the parties had agreed to cease propaganda against each other and to co-operate in "military and political affairs." This latest attempt at a reconciliation is unlikely to be any more successful than the others; and it is significant that only a few weeks later the congress of the Congolese Students Union demanded the expulsion of Roberto and his party from the Congo.

The Bakongo tribesmen, who have done most of the fighting in Angola, look to Roberto for leadership and it is doubtful that they would take orders from the MPLA chiefs, whom they distrust because of their better education and strong mulatto element. The MPLA, however, which has had the benefit of Chinese instructors expert in the kind of war waged by the Vietcong, present, in the long run, a serious threat. Until now, it has been handicapped by having its base in Brazzaville and only the unimportant Portuguese enclave of Cabinda as a target; if it is allowed to operate from the Kinshasa Congo, it might prove much more effective.

. . . and over Rhodesia

Another potential source of trouble for Portuguese Africa is the proximity of its white neighbors, Rhodesia and South Africa. The Portuguese railways and ports—Beira and Lourenço Marques in Mozambique and Lobito in Angola—provide the only access to the sea from the landlocked countries of Rhodesia, Zambia, and Malawi. Beira is also the terminus of the pipeline to the Rhodesian refinery at Umtali, while Lourenço Marques handles a large proportion of the traffic bound for the Transvaal, vital to South Africa. Consequently, the attitude of Portugal is of critical importance in any attempt to apply sanctions either against Rhodesia or South Africa, especially an oil blockade of Rhodesia.

The last such attempt, the Security Council Resolution of April 9 authorizing Britain to stop ships unloading oil at Beira destined for



Rhodesia, aroused intense resentment that the Portuguese should be involved forcibly in a British internal quarrel. Portugal questioned the legality of the resolution on the grounds that the United Nations had no right to intervene in a matter exclusively of British jurisdiction, as claimed by Britain; that Rhodesia was not a threat to peace; that Soviet and French abstentions invalidated the resolution, which under Article 27 of the U.N. Charter required the affirmative votes of all the permanent members of the Council; and that the resolution violated Portugal's neutrality and the principles of freedom of the seas and free access to the sea of landlocked countries.

Privately, Portugal will try to avoid a collision course by diplomacy. If Britain, however, with the authority of the Security Council, extends the present oil blockade of Beira to Lourenço Marques, the Portuguese reaction may be much stronger. In any case, the restriction of Rhodesian exports and imports as a result of the sanctions affects Portugal adversely by reducing the revenue in foreign currency earned by its railways and ports in Mozambique, thus aggravating the difficulty of financing the defense of the territory and favoring the liberation movement. Generally, the effect of the sanctions must push Portugal closer to Rhodesia and South Africa.

THIS would seem a strange rapprochement. For what distinguishes Portugal from the other colonial powers, all of which to a greater or lesser extent practiced a color bar, is its declared policy of progressive racial assimilation. The aim of the policy is to evolve multiracial societies in Africa, composed of whites, mulattoes, and Negroes, all speaking Portuguese, sufficiently mature politically and developed economically to be able to stand on their own feet in the modern world. They would then take their place either as equal partners in a Portuguese commonwealth or as independent nations. This at any rate is the theory. Only time can show how it will work out in practice. The big question is whether time will be given in an age that looks everywhere for quick results. The future of Portugal's African provinces will largely depend on the ability of Portugal, itself a poor country, to develop their economies so as to keep pace with the advances necessary in the social, educational, and administrative fields.

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Stamford's Attempt To Integrate Suburbia

JOHN R. WOLF

When Mayor Thomas C. Mayers of Stamford, Connecticut, announced last June that five tentative sites had been chosen in connection with his proposal to move three hundred poor Negro families out of the city's slums into white middle-class neighborhoods, anger erupted among many residents of the old New England town. "The city's trying to take away the things good working people have fought a lifetime to achieve—may God assist us in our struggles!" cried a white woman at a public meeting in August.

The mayor explained: "We are determined to avoid a concentration of racial and economic groups—if we put all three hundred apartments in one project, we would just have a new ghetto. By scattering them we can raise the living standards of the people in low-cost housing." Each project of from ten to thirty units in his new and almost unprecedented plan for "scattered-site" public housing aided by Federal funds was to be a handsome, well-designed garden apartment building that would blend into a surrounding area of single-family houses.

But even though one of the five publicly announced tentative sites was next to the home of the mayor himself, the clamor of protests—punctuated by a few approving voices—continued to rise. The climate was tense with rumors, anonymous phone calls, and namecalling. A climax came in early October, when a letter demanding the mayor's impeachment was read to the city's Board of Representatives in front of TV cameras, to a chorus of catcalls.

Residential segregation of Negroes in Stamford, as in New England as a whole, is not so bad as in many other cities. Connecticut has a fair-housing law, and here and there in the city attractive single-family homes owned by middle-class Negro families stand in otherwise all-white areas. About a fifth of the apartment houses in the city have one or more Negro tenants. Most Negro families, however, live in congested slums in the city's center or in the large public-housing project called Southfield Village, also in the center, which has become afflicted with all the usual troubles of segregation: problem families, vandalism, and garbage-disposal difficulties. The plan to scatter public

housing is designed not only to provide an integrated environment with social and educational advantages for the poor but also to avoid overcrowding community facilities.

The objections to the mayor's plan are a complex mixture of racism, class feeling against the poor, and concern for property rights. Racism and class feeling tend to be soft-pedaled in public statements issued by opponents, possibly out of concern for their legality or from deference to the sophistication of Fairfield County. For Stamford is not just another suburban industrial town. It is relatively wealthy, with a median family income of over $9,500 a year, and its thirty-eight square miles are sandwiched between the plutocratic suburbs of New Canaan, Darien, and Greenwich on Long Island Sound. Situated some thirty-five miles from New York City, Stamford is one of the fastest-growing cities in Connecticut, with a population of about 100,000, including some 12,000 Negroes. It is the home of numerous research and development plants for leading American corporations, and has miles of tree-shaded streets lined with modest colonial-style homes—where the scattered housing would be placed.

According to George McCulloch, director of the Urban Redevelopment Commission, about nine hundred families must be relocated from the site of the Southeast Quadrant urban-renewal project, which, when completed, will include middle-income apartment houses, department stores, and industries. Most of these families will be low-income Negroes. Although some can be placed in existing low-rent housing in the city through normal turnover, the low vacancy rate in private rental housing—about two per cent, compared with more than five per cent nationally—makes illusory any hope of placing many of these families in private rental housing. And the high rents being demanded for rundown quarters in the center of the city—often as much as $40 a week—makes the situation all the more urgent; some years ago these conditions caused picketing and rent strikes by Negroes in Stamford.

In a very real sense, the need for more low-rent units is a result of the honest way the urban-renewal program is being run in Stamford. Nationally, renewal has all too often meant "Negro removal," with not enough regard for relocation, whereas in Stamford relocation has a high priority. As McCulloch points out, only through the integration of housing and residential communities can the integration of other community facilities, such as schools, be properly carried out.

Opposition Arises

Tom Mayers, a slim, white-haired businessman in his late fifties who had never run for office before, was elected mayor in 1963 on the Republican ticket on a platform pledging support to the urban-renewal program. He was supported by many Democrats, and in 1965 he was re-

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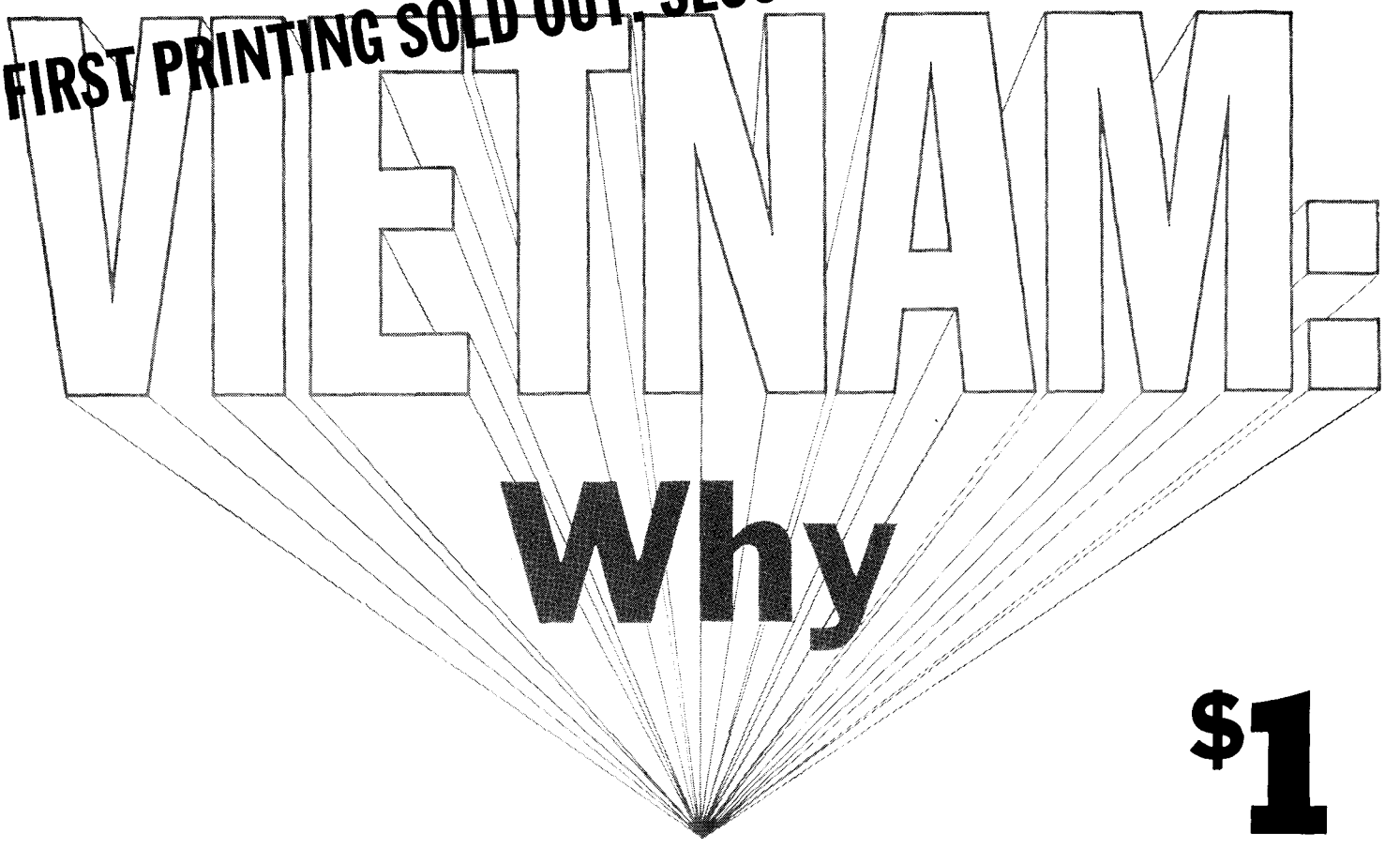

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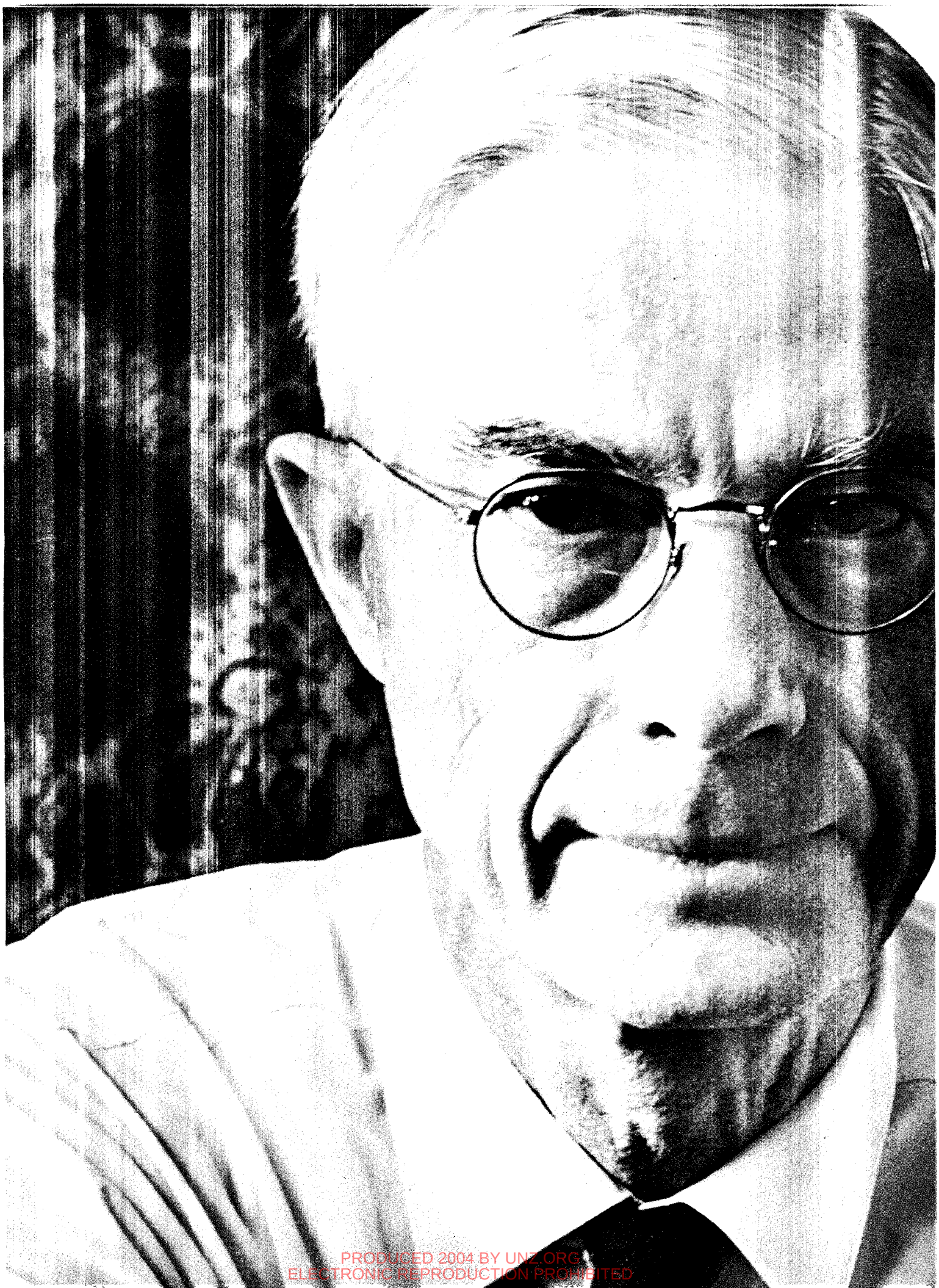

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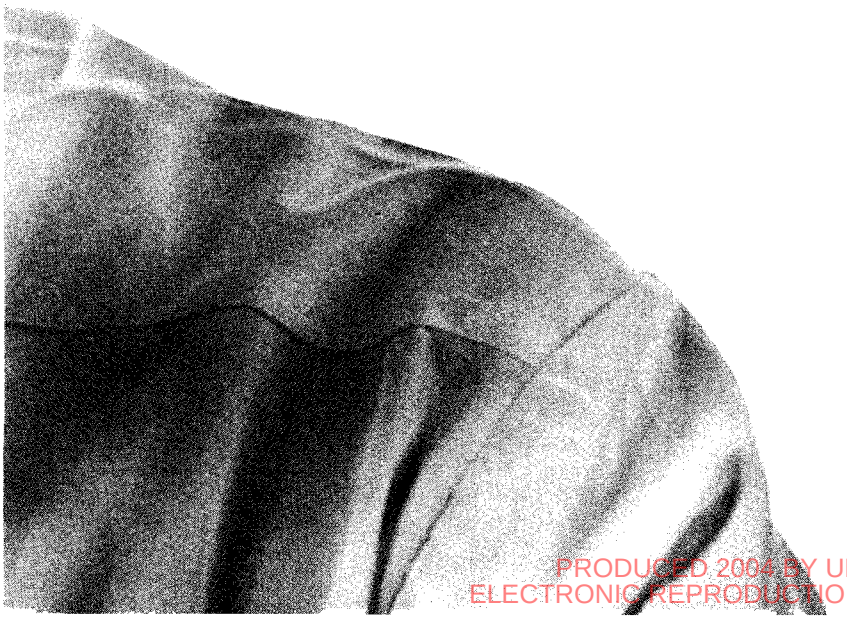

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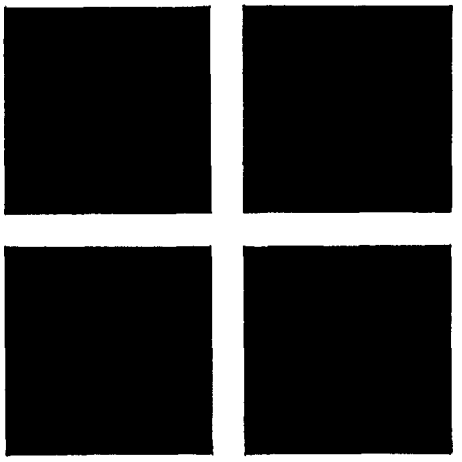

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elected with an increased plurality. Mayers has impressed many people with his ability, his integrity, and his genuine interest in the welfare of all the people of Stamford. He demonstrates this by opening the doors of his office every Thursday afternoon to anyone wanting to see him without appointment.

Mayers was prepared for opposition to his plan, "but not so much of it." After all, he pointed out, in 1965 the Board of Representatives (which includes members of both parties) voted unanimously in favor of a program for one hundred units of scattered-site low-rent housing, a figure that the board increased in 1966 to include the present program of three hundred units, giving the mayor a mandate to carry out the program.

Most of the protests have been voiced at neighborhood meetings, which have been electric with tension. During one in August, a speaker told the angry all-white audience: "You know all about these people; they move in and the first thing your neighborhood needs is a liquor store, and then a tavern, and then another liquor store."

The meetings usually end with the passage of a resolution condemning the program not on racial grounds, but ostensibly because of the "downzoning" that will be required to implement it on some of the sites. The trouble with this argument is that a good deal of "downzoning"—including changes from low-density residential to apartment house residential, and from residential to commercial or industrial—has taken place in Stamford in the past without arousing the kind of opposition that has now developed.

No one can know for certain how the whole of Stamford stands on the questions involved. Among those who favor the plan are many of the liberals, the civic groups, the churches, and most of the Negroes, who have shown their feelings by staging several orderly marches in downtown Stamford, led by their ministers. The opposition is better organized, and it includes the neighborhood associations, the real-estate people, and some of the politicians. But the real force has come from the so-called "ethnics"—the middle-class homeowners of relatively recent immigrant origin. These groups act in Stamford through the neighborhood associations. They are similar to the ones in New Haven, Chicago, and elsewhere that have opposed the entrance of Negroes into white areas and who form the core of the white backlash.

One prominent critic of the program told me that while he knows "very few" of the members of the John Birch Society, he is "basically oriented toward their philosophy." This recalls the fact that the previous mayor of Stamford, J. Walter Kennedy, a Democrat, accused the Birchers in 1963 of "blocking progress" and said that the Society "masquerades behind other groups in Stamford and threatens to stop the growth of the community," particularly in its opposition to the urban-renewal program. He described Stamford as a "hotbed" of Birchism.

Most observers in Stamford seem to think that the opposition is in the majority. This conclusion tends to be borne out by the results of the November election in which Mayers ran for comptroller of Connecticut on the statewide Republican ticket. He was defeated (although he retains his office as mayor), and in percentage terms the result in Stamford was more unfavorable to him than it was in the state as a whole.

The Mayor Backs Off

The virulence of the opposition finally forced the mayor to retreat. His first compromise move came in October when he announced that he intended to explore the possibility of using sites that would not require "downzoning" for the garden apartments. Although this move was hailed by some, most of the opponents of the plan continued to attack. One leader called Mayers's new proposal a "slick, politically motivated move to extricate himself." And the Stamford branch of the NAACP, one of the mayor's staunchest supporters on the scattered-sites issue, called his new move a "concession to the clamor of bigots."

Actually, not much land zoned for garden apartments is available and what little there is is expensive. After a conference with Federal authorities, the Stamford Housing Authority announced in early November that the seventy-nine sites under discussion—which included some not requiring "downzoning"—were "either too costly or otherwise not feasible" for the plan as now proposed. This apparently means that Stamford will be forced to pay part of the land cost—over and above the Federal subsidy—if the scattered-sites experiment is to be carried out at all.

Then in late November, Mayers announced a new proposal to place about 180 units of low-cost public housing in garden apartments of around thirty units each in the urban-renewal quadrant downtown. There would also be housing in high-rise buildings on adjacent sites for senior citizens. No final decision has been made, but the proposal was a big step backward from the scattered-site housing.

The experience of other cities that have tried to put across the scattered-housing idea—which has the support of Washington—has not been encouraging. In Rochester in 1964, after quite a battle, the housing authority adopted a plan to scatter hundreds of units of public housing throughout the city, but no progress has been made in implementing the plan because of high land costs. In New York City, a program announced this year by Mayor John V. Lindsay for such housing in the middle-class areas of Queens in "small units" of 110 and over has aroused opposition from both white and Negro middle classes. In New Haven, famed for its model urban-renewal program, a plan for scattered housing that was to operate through the purchase of existing single-family houses failed because

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of opposition similar to that in Stamford.

Nevertheless, if the New Haven experience is examined closely, there appear to be grounds for hope that the Stamford experiment, properly handled, might succeed. In a demonstration program begun in 1962 and underwritten by the Federal government, New Haven's housing authority subsidized the rents of low-income Negro families in twenty-six single-family homes scattered in middle-class white areas; these families were accepted by their neighbors and the experiment had no effect on the price of housing, nor was there any panic selling. The experiment was undoubtedly helped by the fact that the neighbors knew nothing about the operation; the usual stereotypes and fears about public-housing clients had no chance to develop, and the Negro families were accepted on their own merits.

In general, the Stamford backlashers have comparatively modest incomes and live in modest homes bought through years of scrimping. These homes represent the largest single investment they will ever make. They feel they have purchased not just a house but a social environment, with churches and good schools close at hand. The problems of the city center, which they struggled so long to escape, are well behind them. They feel that asking them to concern themselves with those problems now is unfair. Their insistent opposition to "downzoning," with class and race prejudice ever present in the background, is closely associated with fears for the safety of the investment they have made in their homes. One of the leaders of the opposition says that he expects to lose about half of the value of his home if the proposed public housing is built on a nearby site.

However, the truth seems to be that such fears are unfounded. A study of the effect of residential integration on housing investments done for the Commission on Race and Housing showed that when Negroes purchase property in a formerly all-white area, the odds are about four to one that the prices in that area will keep up with or exceed those in comparable all-white neighborhoods. The reason seems to be that the white and Negro real-estate markets are quite separate; with the pressure of Negro migration and with the small supply of housing available to Negroes, the tendency of prices is to rise. If a small, well-designed project is built in one of the middle-class white neighborhoods in Stamford, and if some of the nearby houses are sold to Negroes, there is a good chance that the sellers will profit. Of course, where there is "blockbusting" by brokers coupled with panic selling by whites, prices may at first go down, but prophecies of such happenings are self-fulfilling and they need not happen at all. Nor need a well-designed project for a few Negro families in the middle of an area containing hundreds of houses and thousands of people seriously affect the way of life and property of the established residents.

Plan Still Active

The future of the scattered-site program in Stamford is not bright, but its proponents have not given up. Some time ago the mayor predicted, "Things will get calmer as the facts come out and people realize that this isn't so bad—there will be enough people of good will to see that we get at least some measure of meaningful integration. I know there will, because I have faith in Stamford." Despite the setback to "meaningful integration" implicit in the recent proposal for combining units of public housing with housing for the elderly in the city's center, George McCulloch says that the administration is still determined to build some scattered housing in middle-class areas. If this is done, it will be a notable achievement.

The fight has been difficult for Tom Mayers. This month, when he accepted the seventh annual award of the Catholic Interracial Council, he said, "I have never felt so alone as I have in these past few months; don't let anyone stand alone who expresses a conviction." Mayers comes up for re-election next year, and many observers seem to think that the ultimate result of the controversy will be to end his political career. They recall what happened to Mayor Arthur J. Holland of Trenton, New Jersey, who moved with his family into a biracial area to set a good example. He lost the next election.

An Election To Test Laotian Stability

DONALD KIRK

VIENTIANE, LAOS

THE PORTENTS were ominous for thousands of Laotians who subscribe to a mixture of animist and Buddhist beliefs. First, the biggest bronze Buddha in the country was reported to have shed tears. Then there was a four-day battle between black and red ants on the outskirts of the administrative capital. Finally, the monument of That Luang, a ninety-foot bronze tower emerging from a royal pagoda, was said to be leaning toward the east, indicating that Laos had again become a colony of a western power. (Some say the tower leaned toward the east throughout the era of French colonialism.)

While western observers joked privately about such stories, the Laotians had good reason for distress. Just as economists were hoping that the country might start to reap a bumper rice crop, the Mekong flooded its banks in late August and early September, destroying thirty per cent of the potential harvest. No sooner had the flood waters begun to recede than the National Assembly angrily voted down the administration's budget and was dissolved by King Savang Vatthana, who called for general elections. Two weeks later, on October 21, the air-force commander, in an act of defiance over the consolidation of commands, ordered a bombing attack on military installations in the capital.

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Also, from the middle of August until late November, the unity of the government was threatened by the ambitions of Kong Lae, the independent-minded leader of the neutralist forces. Kong Lae's men exchanged occasional shots with Royal Army troops near the Plain of Jars in north-central Laos until three of Kong Lae's colonels persuaded him to flee to Bangkok in mid-October. He returned a month later, saw that he still lacked support, and took asylum in the Indonesian Embassy. He then resigned, blaming his eclipse on American intrigue, and went to Indonesia, ostensibly to inspect facilities for some forty neutralist Laotian troops in training there.

The rebellion in the Assembly, the bombing, and the Kong Lae affair, though not directly related, were indicative of the struggle for a united national front against Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese troops in the eastern regions.

Contest for Power

Observers attribute the defeat of the budget, by a 26-19 vote, to the machinations of younger men in the Assembly who were annoyed with the government for not promoting some of them to the cabinet. The "younger" generation (most of its members are in their thirties and forties) was particularly eager for the sixty-two-year-old Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma, to appoint members to four seats reserved for the Communist-affiliated Pathet Lao, which pulled out of the coalition government more than two years ago. Souvanna, anxious to maintain at least a façade of adherence to the 1962 Geneva Agreement on Laos, has kept the Pathet Lao seats open in the unlikely event that the Communists will some day occupy them.

More than that, however, Souvanna has refused to listen to the younger delegates' objections to several of his cabinet appointees and has paid no attention to demands that men from their group be named to three unfilled junior ministerial posts. Observers here tend to view the quarrel not in terms of right- and left-wing politics but as a constitutional struggle similar to those between the legislative and executive branches of western governments.

In the contest for power, the executive appears reasonably certain to win at least a short-term victory. Some of the recalcitrant delegates, charging intimidation by government representatives, have said they will not run in the elections, scheduled for January 1. Many became totally disillusioned after occupying the seats they won in the last election in July, 1965. While the constitution stipulates that matters pertaining to its interpretation are "within the competence of the National Assembly," these delegates know that the Assembly cannot exercise its will against the combined strength of the cabinet, the King, and the Royal Army. Far better, some have said, to quit politics and resume lower-echelon administrative positions in the government itself.

The major difficulty with the last Assembly was that many of its members failed to take a realistic view of the nation's problems. During the budget debate, for instance, delegates called for a reduction in the deficit while opposing taxes. Some wanted more improvements, presumably financed by United States aid, for their own districts but criticized aid elsewhere. Delegates charged in general that the country was far too dependent on foreign support but complained that the army was not moving swiftly enough against the Pathet Lao. The army, in fact, could not move at all were it not for the United States, which defrays more than half the national budget of nearly $30 million and equips both royal and neutralist forces outside the budget.

In the long run, the discontented politicians may pose a severe threat to national stability. At this stage, however, it is doubtful if they would go much beyond opposing government measures within the Assembly.

THE DEVELOPMENT of some semblance of political stability in Laos is attributable in large part to the increasing success of the Royal Army since the summer of 1964. Military observers estimate that the central government here controls some fifty per cent of the land and nearly three-quarters of the nation's three million population as compared to forty per cent of the land and three-fifths of the population two years ago. Royalist forces, totaling seventy thousand men, have defeated the Pathet Lao forces to the point where they are no more than an extension of the North Vietnamese Army, whose principal interest in Laos is to defend the Ho Chi Minh Trail into South Vietnam. An informed source claimed that thirty thousand North Vietnamese troops now occupy Pathet Lao territory in support of some twenty thousand Pathet Lao. Two years ago, he estimated, the figures were reversed.

The tide began to turn in favor of the government after the debacle in the spring of 1964, in which the Pathet Lao drove Kong Lae's neutralist forces off the Plain of

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Jars. A combined Royal Army and neutralist force that summer cleared the road from Vientiane to the royal capital of Luang Prabang. Since then Royal troops have driven the Pathet Lao from strongholds north of the plain and have repulsed attacks by North Vietnamese on installations in the south. One key to their success is the Royal Lao Air Force, whose U.S.-supplied T-28s strafed enemy troops as they moved across open areas.

The real key, however, is the unity of the armed forces, which have weathered a series of internal crises and may be all the stronger as a result. The most serious struggle was the defeat of rightist strong man General Phoumi Nosavan, who attempted to seize power early in 1965 and fled to Bangkok after his failure. Both Laotian and western officials regard the final outcome of the air-force bombing and the Kong Lae affair as two more steps toward total integration of the military establishment.

The immediate cause of the air-force insurrection was the reluctance of the commander, General Thao Ma, to integrate his command with the military headquarters in Vientiane. Operating out of the southern city of Savannakhet, General Ma failed to appear at a ceremony joining the commands two days before sending eight of his T-28s on their mission over Vientiane. Ma's difficulty was that the planes had the capacity to inflict only minor damage on the capital and lacked the ground support needed to pose a real threat. Finally convinced that he could hold the base at Savannakhet and nothing more, Ma led ten of his best pilots to Thailand, where they probably will remain despite half-hearted Laotian attempts at extradition.

Observers speculate that Ma may have hoped to gain the support of neutralist troops, since Kong Lae had left for Bangkok only four days before his attack. Like Ma, Kong Lae resented attempts at integrating his command into the Royal Army, notwithstanding Souvanna's assurances that he could retain nominal control. Royal generals charged that Kong Lae, whose eight thousand men were mainly responsible for holding the western rim of the Plain of Jars, was not a good disciplinarian and could not have blocked a major assault. The only answer, they said, was close co-ordination under one command, or at least under a joint command in which the neutralists would have to submit to royalist orders in a crisis situation.

One drawback to integration of commands is that Kong Lae has promoted scores of officers, including himself, to high ranks without royal

ordinance. "Major General" Kong Lae is actually a captain, colonels are sergeants, and a number of lieutenants and captains are corporals. Officials hope they can negotiate the question of ranks and are reasonably confident of winning the loyalty of most of the neutralist forces.

Threat from Pathet Lao

Military leaders believe that the departure of Ma and Kong Lae has rid the armed forces of their two greatest internal problems since Phoumi. Commanders still tend to be jealous of their regions, but not nearly so much as several years ago. Observers say that regular troop movements from one general's area to another, often an exercise in politics and power, are more feasible now than before. They also note that all the army's top generals attended their annual meeting with the King in October at the palace in Luang Prabang. Among them was General Vang Pao, leader of the hardy Meo tribesmen, who had always been "too busy" to make the trip in previous years.

One reason for the large attendance was that the generals hoped to persuade the King to postpone the elections from January 1, in the middle of the dry season, to the start of the rainy season in April. The North Vietnamese usually stage a series of "rice raids" during the dry season, swooping down on villages and looting them of their rice supplies. General Kouprasith Abhay, the army's second highest but most powerful leader, acknowledged his fears that Pathet Lao terrorists and North Vietnamese troops also would attack government installations and polling places. If the elections could be postponed until the monsoon, he argued, the chances of enemy action would be substantially reduced.

The Pathet Lao have made clear their opposition to the elections. Refusing Souvanna's invitation to participate, Prince Souphanavong, the Pathet Lao leader, charged that the elections would be "completely illegal and reactionary," that their only purpose was "to set up a new administration to make greater efforts to serve the U.S. scheme to occupy central and lower Laos."

Both the King and the Premier, however, have expressed their determination to hold the elections not later than January 6 to abide by the letter of the constitution, which stipulates that a general election must be held within ninety days after dissolution of the Assembly.

Even without the threat of Pathet Lao terrorism, the government faces tremendous obstacles in running the elections smoothly. The electoral rolls, for instance, are six years out of date, and district governors must issue special identification cards to the entire electorate, which theoretically consists of everyone over eighteen years of age. Election officials, moreover, will have great difficulty setting up polling places in remote areas, partly because of transportation problems. Indeed, the elections promise to be far more difficult than the 1965 balloting, in which only literate citizens, mostly government workers and army officers, were eligible to vote.

GENERAL Ouan Ratikone, the Royal Army commander, has said the military leaders will not participate in electioneering. In a country whose

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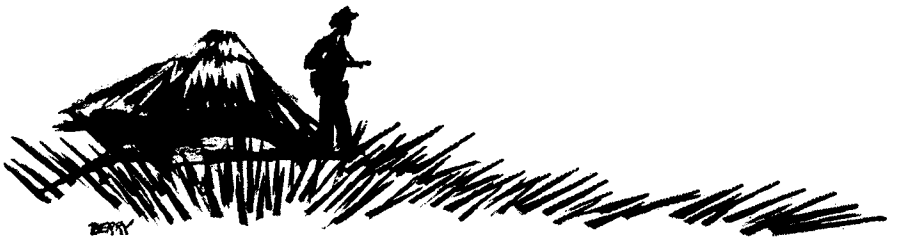
future has often been determined by coup d'état, General Ouan's pronouncement seems too good to be true. It appears altogether likely that commanders will do what they can to help ensure that government-supported candidates defeat the delegates who voted down the budget. General Kouprasith, who commands the pivotal Vientiane region, put the issue bluntly to me: "We have our opinion on politics, and our opinion is the same as the government's. The government wants us to encourage certain candidates. The troublesome elements will be pushed out."

While the elections may not be a shining example of democracy in action, they probably will be an improvement on the past. The last full-scale election, in 1960, was rigged so that government candidates won by wide margins. Even General Kouprasith concedes that the army "cannot control the minds of the people" and realizes that "a small percentage of bad men" will win.

Far from creating disunity, in fact, the entire process of forming a new National Assembly could strengthen the central government. U.S. officials, inured to disaster and disillusionment, are at least hopeful that the campaigning will not reduce the hard-won stability of the past two years. As a buffer area between China and Thailand, the government-held portions of Laos are well worth the $80 million in military and economic aid that the United States has invested here in 1966. The United States and North Vietnam now appear to have reached a stalemate in which the Laotian and U.S. troops will not threaten the Ho Chi Minh Trail on the ground so long as the North Vietnamese troops do not launch any large-scale attacks beyond Pathet Lao territory.

Prince Souvanna is quietly confident that his government can weather the constitutional storm over the Assembly just as it has weathered other recent crises. Asked what would happen if the new Assembly also opposed his policies, he told a correspondent, "Don't let us try to forecast the future. I hope the next Assembly will be reasonable."



Australia Votes To Stay in Vietnam

DENIS WARNER

MELBOURNE

THE principal article of faith sustaining the National Liberation Front and the régime in North Vietnam is the conviction that the people of the United States and its allies so strongly disapprove of the Vietnam war that eventually Washington will be forced to bow to the popular will and abandon the effort. The theory, based largely on the noise and space that critics of U.S. policy make and command everywhere, is understandably attractive to men whose choices have been closed off by superior military strength.

This theory is not easily tested, at least not in a way calculated to shake firmly held convictions. Domestic policies habitually dominate elections around the globe, and in terms of reaction to the Vietnam war, the U.S. midterm result lends itself to almost any interpretation.

No one anywhere, however, can doubt the significance of the outcome of the Australian election. Australian critics and the Labor Party opposition hooted with derision when Prime Minister Harold Holt turned to President Johnson at a White House luncheon and pledged to be "all the way with L.B.J." One cynic said, "It is ridiculous to say that we want to be all the way with L.B.J. All we want is L.B.J. to be all the way with us."

There was nothing cynical about the reaction of the Australian voters on November 26. They increased the government coalition's margin in the House of Representatives from nineteen to forty-one seats. In a manner that defied misinterpretation, the voters recognized that the security implicit in the American alliance demanded reciprocal efforts that they were fully prepared to make. Turning away from parish-pump issues, the Labor Party had challenged the Liberal-Country Party coalition on its Vietnam policy. The electorate's answer was to bury all of Labor's hopes in an avalanche of votes for the government.

Leader Out of Touch

A week before the election, Arthur Augustus Calwell, who led the opposition to its slaughter, was asked what Labor would do when it got into power if, after consultation with the United States and its other allies, it decided to pull out of Vietnam and its allies asked it to stay. "Now you've misrepresented me," Calwell replied. "I didn't say that after consultation we would withdraw our troops. We will withdraw them. We will have no part in a dialogue with the Americans as to whether we should or should not withdraw. That's our business. That's our right." Rarely has a political leader shown himself to be so out of touch with the temper and the character of the people. Australians may often be in too much of a hurry to get into a fight. They are not disposed to get out simply because the going is tough.

Right to the end Calwell appeared to believe that his opposition to the nature and form of the Australian participation in the Vietnam war was a surefire winner. He not only knew his history but had been

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personally involved in it. As a young man, for instance, he had taken part in the successful anti-conscription campaigns of the First World War. Although the population at that time was less than five million, some sixty thousand Australians—all volunteers—lost their lives in the war. Australia's casualties matched those of the United States. Twice the government of the day appealed by referendum for a more equitable sharing of the sacrifices demanded by the Western Front and a more certain flow of reinforcements than the volunteer system provided for. Each time the public under the influence of orators like the young Calwell spurned conscription. During the Second World War, the burden of the fighting again fell on volunteers, and the tide had already turned before the Labor government (of which Calwell was a senior member) approved the limited use of conscripts in the southwest Pacific. Only volunteers fought in Korea, a decision of a Liberal-Country government.

As Calwell saw it, Holt was trampling on tradition by sending off conscripts to fight in the "dirty, unwinnable war" in Vietnam. The country, he was sure, would not stand for it. Calwell took to the hustings with the energy of a man half his age but with a voice that rasped harshly with fatigue and grew more acerbic with every meeting. "Holt chickened out of the Second World War and his three stepsons have chickened out of the Vietnam war," he told an Adelaide audience. "People who want to send others to war should be prepared to go themselves." (Actually, Holt volunteered for overseas service and was recalled by Robert Menzies to take a cabinet post.) Calwell left a chair vacant on a Sydney platform for a conscripted conscientious objector who declined to report for duty and had been dragged out of his home that day by police. "The six hundred thousand mothers with sons aged between seventeen and twenty-five, some or all of whom could be conscripted in the next three years and sent to die or be wounded in Vietnam, will not give Mr. Holt the blank check he is asking for to . . . dispose of the lives of their sons," Calwell predicted.

Calwell's virulence set the example. After a Sydney meeting police had to fight off a mob shouting anti-conscription slogans and throwing punches at Holt. When he was finally escorted to the relative safety of his car, youths seized it and bounced it up and down, tore off the prime ministerial standard, and pummeled the roof.

A group of dissident Liberals led by the editor and publisher of the *Anglican*, a leading Church of England journal, appeared to lend its voice to the chorus against the government's Vietnam policy. Predictably, the lower-case "L" liberals, led by academics, writers, and clergymen, weighed in with big newspaper advertisements calling on "our government" to cease all bombing, North and South. Since the Australian government has no bombers or fighters committed in Vietnam, the advertisements reflected nothing so much as the ignorance of their signatories. The effect, nevertheless, was to increase the sound and fury—and the doubts.

AUSTRALIAN mothers care as little for the Vietnam war as any other mothers. Calwell was offering to bring the boys home; Holt offered the prospect of more war, for his commitment, they knew, was an expanding commitment. No one had any doubts that the two Australian battalions in Vietnam would be increased to three if Holt won and that this force would be expanded as trained troops became available and the war continued along its seemingly endless path. On paper and in principle, six hundred thousand mothers were enough to swing the election for Labor. The opposition delegation in the all-important House of Representatives seemed certain to be increased. Of the 124 seats in the old Parliament, Labor held only fifty-two against the Liberal-Country coalition's seventy-one. (There was one independent, a former Labor man who had been expelled from the party shortly before the election for joining an organization called the Defend Australia Committee, which approved the Australian stand on Vietnam.) The government's hold on ten of its seats was so tenuous that the slightest swing to Labor was certain to reduce Holt's majority, perhaps seriously. In some seats the swing needed to be less than one per cent of the vote.

Although Labor's internal divisions, including a bitter struggle for post-Calwell power between Gough Whitlam, an able but weak right-winger, and Dr. Jim Cairns, a highly articulate and personable challenger from the Left, had eroded the party's chances of winning the election, some government losses seemed inevitable. In terms of Australia's role in Vietnam, a narrow victory for the government would have been interpreted as a vote of no confidence.

Support for Alliance

Even seventeen years of boredom with conservative rule and late revelations that the government coalition's internal abrasions were almost as rough as Labor's were not enough, however, to stop the landslide for Holt and the overwhelming vote of confidence in his Vietnam policy. In a last-minute effort to correct what he regarded as the embarrassing anti-American implications of the Calwell stand, Whitlam raised some doubts about the withdrawal of Australian troops from Vietnam, but the effect was only to push Calwell into even more emphatic statements confirming his policy.

Calwell is neither anti-American nor pro-Communist. He is just thoroughly unrealistic. Throughout the campaign he insisted that the withdrawal of Australian troops from Vietnam would not compromise the American alliance. No one believed him. The government argued convincingly that an alliance was worth only what its members made of it. If conscription for service in Vietnam was the price that had to be paid for a meaningful alliance, then even the mothers on whose emotional support Calwell had counted so heavily were prepared to meet the bill.

Perhaps if Labor had been more unified and had presented itself as a more responsible alternative to the Liberal-Country Party coalition, its plans to increase social services would have outweighed the electorate's deep misgivings about its foreign policy. But even this is doubtful. Most Australians have only the vaguest notion about their commit-

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ments and obligations under the SEATO (Southeast Asia Treaty Organization) and ANZUS (Australia-New Zealand-United States) treaties, but the general meaning of the alliance with the United States is clear to all. At a time when Britain's eventual withdrawal from East of Suez is taken for granted, Australians are acutely conscious of their own defense shortcomings.

"For the nation's security, there is a gulf between our policies and those of Labor," Holt said, summing up the campaign in terms that were meaningful to the electorate. "Today we have a shield behind which we can build for a bigger future. Our alliance with the United States is the centerpiece of this shield. It strengthens our close defensive associations with Great Britain and other allies. We are made the more secure by the ANZUS and SEATO treaties."

WHAT PART President Johnson's visit to Australia on the eve of the election played in Labor's crushing defeat will be the subject of political discussion for years. Nothing like it had happened in Australia before. Accustomed to dignified royal processions through their city streets, with school captains assigned to lead three hearty cheers for Her or His Majesty, Australians responded to the Johnson warmth and informality in kind. "To find a precedent one has to go back to those weary, almost hysterical hours of 1945 when we learned that peace had been won," wrote a Melbourne witness of the Johnson invasion.

Talking in Southeast Asia to American colleagues who had sped with Johnson through Australia, I had the impression that it had been a somewhat gauche and at times embarrassing performance. This is not at all the view I got when I came home to Australia recently. The Presidential visit gathered strength as it progressed. In Brisbane, one of the President's last stops, a local newspaperman even wrote about the second coming, the first being that of Douglas MacArthur when the Japanese were knocking at the gates in 1942. Throwers of paint at the Presidential car may have won the headlines around the globe, but Johnson himself won the hearts of Australians.

One heart he did not win was that of Arthur Calwell. Since the Labor Party was far from being all the way with L.B.J. on Vietnam, Calwell had reason to resent Johnson's emphasis on the importance of the U.S.-Australian alliance. With tact, however, Calwell might have turned this situation to his own advantage, emphasizing the many points of agreement and ignoring the contentious issue of Vietnam. Instead, he chose to assume the offensive at a Canberra luncheon in

Johnson's honor. While the President listened stony-faced, Calwell spoke about the Vietnam dissenters in the Democratic Party.

When his turn came to speak, Johnson deviated from the text and pointedly noted that the United States would go all the way with Australia if only from gratitude that Australia was going all the way with the U.S. in Vietnam. Calwell's bitterness showed up after the election in a statement attacking Johnson for sending Holt a cable congratulating him on his victory. Calwell spoke of the "patronage, the interference, and the arrogance with which the message reeks." When both Johnson and Holt said there was nothing unusual about the message and Holt produced others to make his point, Calwell accused them both of not telling the truth.

Labor's Death Wish

After promising to resign as leader of the Labor Party if he lost the election, Calwell began to have second thoughts. What fury he had to spare from Johnson was directed against Whitlam, whose failure to go all the way with Calwell was described by the left wing as an act of disloyalty that merited expulsion from the party. But with only forty-one seats in the new House of Representatives, against sixty-one for the Liberals and twenty-one for the Country Party, Labor cannot afford divisions. (As a final humiliation, the voters had even returned the solitary independent who had been expelled from the party for his membership in the pro-Vietnam group.)

Labor's internecine war continues. While the left wing still stands on "principles," the right wing, which suffered heavy casualties in the loss of borderline seats, wants to find ways of identifying the party with the public mood. In this situation there are all the elements that could bring about Labor's self-destruction. In any event, it will be a long time before Labor can hope to form a government. By the time the next election comes around three years hence there will be a generation of voting Australians who have never known anything but Liberal-Country Party government, and high among Labor's failures at this election was its lack of appeal not merely to mothers but to the young who may yet be called on to fight in Vietnam.

In many ways, the election was without parallel. Calwell deliberately chose to turn it into a referendum. Australians were not asked to decide what sort of government they wanted so much as to evaluate their international ties. The alliance, strong and healthy enough before, cannot fail to be strengthened and the ties between Australia and the United States drawn closer. Self-interest is uppermost in current Australian attitudes; but that is, after all, the firmest base for any alliance.

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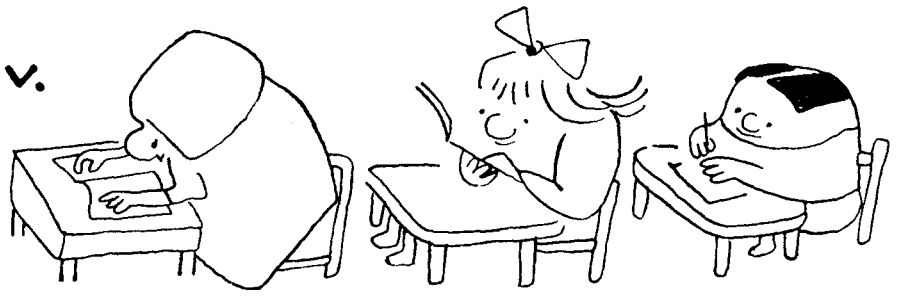

New (Sob!) Trends In the Comics

MARTIN F. NOLAN

As THE adolescent Red Guards roamed through Peking this fall, wreaking violence on non-Maoist institutions and the overworked psyches of western Sinologists, one American official seemed to have things under control. Brigadier General "Snapper" Brassard, U.S. Air Force, casually waved his panatela at a high-level Chinese official, docile in an Air Force hospital bed, and said, "You fellas had yourselves a purge lately. Let's start with who did what to whom!" The defecting Peking politico was the prize of Major Terence Lee, U.S. Air Force. He had accomplished his mission on an island in the China Sea with the aid of Dewey Dawn, a Cockney stripteaser, who diverted a Communist patrol boat with a few exotic steps while Lee and the Air Force hoisted the defector into a helicopter. Miss Dawn had earlier located the Chinese prize through extrasensory perception.

While this tale of Air Force derring-do unfolded in the comic strip *Terry and the Pirates*, the Navy was not idle. Commander Buz Sawyer had aided in the defection of a ranking North Vietnamese.

But neither of these feats can compare with that accomplished by Air Force Colonel Stevenson B. Canyon, who singlehandedly foiled a Chinese Communist plot to drop an atomic bomb on the Midwestern Combined Armed Forces Aids Benefit football game. The detonation was due just as a hundred thousand spectators were to rise for "The Star Spangled Banner." Steve swiftly warned the North American Air Defense Command, having been apprised of the plot by Dr. Belinda Shee, a vivacious Chinese-American scientist whom the colonel had quickly charmed. Prior to this mission, Canyon had rescued a pretty Peace Corps volunteer in Asia from the hands of a guerrilla band headed by a character resembling Ernesto (Che) Guevara, long missing from his Havana haunts.

Creeping Profundity

Besides a marked emphasis on Asian affairs, these exploits also reflect a continuing concentration, even in this post-James Bond era, on the merry mix of escapism and reality in America's favorite art form. Of more than sixty new comic strips catalogued by the Newspaper Comics Council in the past decade, at least twenty are involved in political and social significance, either through parable or direct commentary. Captain Dan Flagg of the Marine Corps and correspondent Chris Tower and his friends in *Tales of the Green Beret* owe much to their military predecessors but more to the weary world's political tensions. In the humor department, the many mimics of *Li'l Abner*, *Pogo*, and the cast of *Peanuts* owe more to Jean-Paul Sartre and Soren Kierkegaard than to, say, *Mutt & Jeff*. Laughter is no longer enough. New attempts at comic art must be breezily topical or of sufficient interest to theologians, sociologists, or psychologists.

Comic-page holdouts against creeping profundity are, alas, dwindling in number. *Joe Palooka*, besides the perils he faces in the prizefight ring, is now involved in international politics with young King Abbso of Jyrobia, who challenged him to a heavyweight match. The champ would never have gone into the diplomacy racket at all had not a State Department official urged him to visit the King: "If Jyrobia throws in with the Communist nations," Joe was told, "it will be the most unfortunate thing that could happen in the Middle East!"

In domestic events, *Mark Trail* has usually been as ideological as *Yogi Bear*. But even this pipe-smoking conservationist has succumbed to propagandizing, though for a noble cause, the "See America First" program. Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor appeared in the strip to exhort Mark to lead a young caravan to great outdoor spots in the West. Trail performed his mission with dispatch, also reforming and shaving a bearded motorcycle delinquent on the way.

Conservation is normally a safe, neutral subject, but not in the world of *Dick Tracy*. The square-jawed detective with the large yellow fedora, a crime fighter since 1931, suspects the "Moms' League" of an ulterior motive in picketing to save some park trees which, Tracy contends, provide shadow for criminal activity. In addition to their ever-helpful didactics (a recent "Crime-stoppers Textbook" suggested that you fingerprint your domestic servants), Tracy, his comrades, and their unsavory adversaries also provide some of the more eloquent comment on the most popular domestic topic in the comics, the effect of the Supreme Court's *Escobedo* and *Miranda* decisions. The latest theme of a typically sordid foe of Tracy has changed from "You can't get me, copper!" to "You can't violate my Constitutional rights!"

The most versatile villain to cross Tracy's path recently, Mr. Bribery, emptied his machine gun at Dick while whining that Tracy was violating his rights. Legal defenses, on Constitutional grounds or otherwise, are irrelevant in Tracy's life. He has seldom seen a district attorney, let alone a police review board. With little time for courtroom drama, Tracy and his readers often see jus

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tice done when one of his bullets spins through a crook's cranium.

In police stories with less gore and gadgetry and a more meticulous concern for due process, the new rulings on defendants' rights receive less cavalier treatment. *Kerry Drake's* explanation to his younger colleague, Johnny Colt, had a slightly plaintive ring on the subject, but *Batman* roundly chastised Robin for wanting to punch a prisoner.

In all the social significance of the comics, a place has yet to be found for the American Negro and the whole past decade's struggle for equality. The only integrated serials are *Joe and Asbestos,* a chronicle of racetrack habitués, plus *The Phantom* and *Mandrake The Magician,* two largely African epics which continue the colonialist tradition long after Hollywood has stopped making those Stewart Granger safari movies. *Ebony* magazine, in "What's Not So Funny About the Funnies," by Ponchitta Pierce, reports that Southern newspapers drop strips that treat Negroes as equals. Only recently has a similar cultural bastion, American advertising, been integrated, but the hazards of caricature have worked to prevent Negroes from surmounting this last barrier. Comics thrive on stereotype, a stereotype that must be judged by newspaper editors from Honolulu to Hattiesburg. "What would happen," *Ebony* asks, "if Mr. & Mrs. America turned to the comics one Sunday morning and found a Negro detective working with Dick Tracy, a Negro intern on the staff of Rex Morgan, or some Negroes living next door to Blondie? The shock could be fatal. On the other hand, it could be the best thing that ever happened in comicdom."

THE INJECTION of the police into politics fills a gap left by the transformation of *Judge Parker* from crisp sociological fables into vacuous, slow-paced melodrama, highlighted by increasing attention given to the judge's celibacy. That other untrappable bachelor, *Rex Morgan, M.D.,* has ventured forth into the world far enough to discover the existence of LSD, but he shuns Medicare, birth control, and other clinical controversies as artfully as he avoids *June Gale, R.N.* The girls in *Apartment 3-G* have been too busy chasing prospective husbands to become involved in social work, so Mary Perkins of *On Stage* has emerged as the new generation's best candidate to succeed meddling *Mary Worth.* In her own engrossing fashion, Mrs. Worth continues to dispense unwanted grandmotherly wisdom to blissfully ignorant characters everywhere. Miss Perkins, when not before the footlights, has also begun to interfere with a vengeance, including, in two instances, affairs involving Russians. This corrects a slight to Moscow from her countrymen in uniform on the other side of the world.

Pravda, which joins the *Wall Street Journal* and the New York *Times* in depriving readers of comics, often comments on political implications flowing through the peculiar American art form. Discussing a passage in *Buz Sawyer,* the newspaper says that the ruling classes of the comics "try to do with kids that which they do not succeed in doing with half the grown-up population of the United States, namely, to convince them of the necessity and the just character of the aggression in Vietnam." The panel that the party organ reprinted, however, does not deal with heroically threatened Americans or a halcyon pacification program. Buz and his buddies are safe and exulting over a successful air strike. "Boy, did we clobber 'em!" one says. "I laid those napalm bombs in the trees right where you said to, Buz," says another pilot. "Good boy!" Buz replied.

Daddy's Girl

The Russians have not yet seen fit to comment on the latest escapade of that walking military-industrial complex, Daddy Warbucks. Perhaps this reticence is due to the fact that "they" in *Little Orphan Annie* are never fully described geographically or ideologically. A still better theory on the official silence is that "they" have once again killed Daddy (for the second time in a month). Warbucks, however, seems to have as many lives as *Cicero's Cat.* He has promised a Christmas reunion with his fellow rugged individualists, so he may escape from an avalanche which "they" dropped on him.

Annie feared for Daddy's senses recently when a winsome European charmer, Sinya Samovar, became friendly with the old trillionaire, even calling him "Oliver," and promptly seduced the secret formula for an ultimate weapon out of him. Daddy wasn't fooled, of course, as he and his retinue later watched the outcome on a Telstar live television documentary from "over there." "The greatest triumph of this century!" the TV commentator calls it; "the demonstration of power that must *enforce peace!* Peace on *their terms* to be sure, but peace for the world! Guests include peace delegations from the U.S., trade missions from a number of our allies! What a scene here, folks, as we prepare to witness this dawn of universal peace!" So the explosion goes off—but hark! The TV set flashes! Annie asks, "W-w-what happened, 'Daddy?' Th' set just went blank!" And he replies, "So did a circle of real estate *sixty* miles across! Wanted peace on *their terms!* Well, at least they were *first* to *get* it!" The fate of the peace missions, trade delegations, and garrulous TV commentator is a common one for those who cross the Warbucks philosophy.

Perfectly counterbalancing this grim outlook is that of *Andy Capp,* whose aggressions and hostilities are confined to his wife Flo, the rent collector, and contentious barkeeps. Andy, the most beloved Briton in the comics since *Prince Valiant,* is the antithesis of that chivalrous manifestation of English manhood. Who would think that American readers could fall for a hero who beats his wife regularly, survives only on the dole, and then spends that on gambling and stout? A recent chapter shows Andy entering the "Labour Exchange Paying Office" for his unemployment check, then entering a betting shop, then a pub, and several hours later emerging and singing in a red-nosed baritone, "When you come to the end of a per-fect day!" As twenty-first-century anthropologists may ask: Is Andy Everyman? To riddle that would be to dissect risibility and thus destroy it. Does Snoopy ride with us all in his Sopwith Camel, battling the Red Baron? Do we all want to goldbrick with Beetle Bailey? Is Dogpatch really our Bower of Bliss? Tune in tomorrow and hope that you don't find out.

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The Golden Age of Rembrandt

ALFRED WERNER

WITHOUT QUESTION, the loan exhibition "The Age of Rembrandt," which opened at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco, went to Toledo, and will soon go to Boston, is the major art event of this season. It testifies to Holland's brief "Golden Century"—roughly 1600 to 1700—in which a newly united nation of about a million inhabitants living in an area not much larger than Massachusetts and Connecticut together produced several thousand painters, among them Hals, Rembrandt, and Vermeer.

After 1700, Dutch painting sharply declined and has never recovered. It is tempting but idle to speculate why this "Golden Age" lasted no more than a hundred years. Certainly in the seventeenth century the United Provinces (as the independent Netherlands were called), having thrown off the Hapsburg-Spanish-Catholic yoke after a long and bloody struggle, was Europe's most prosperous country in which individuals, especially merchants, enjoyed an unusual degree of personal freedom by the standards of the period. In this liberal oligarchy even the privileged Reformed Church was unable to eliminate dissenters (Rembrandt among them). Prosperity, as in America of the 1960's, created a vogue for art. Burghers adorned their comfortable homes with pictures, and portraits of individuals or group portraits of civic or professional associations were in great demand. Rembrandt, for example, at one time had so many commissions that there was a real queue, and he became a rich man. (It was the work he did after he stopped humoring the foibles of his *nouveau riche* sitters, and in the middle of life turned his back on the production of "commercial," art that helped to make him immortal.)

That Rembrandt was, of course, the uncrowned king of that "Golden Age" of painting—often rather inaccurately called Dutch Renaissance or Dutch Baroque—gives rise to the exhibit's title for its assemblage of one hundred and seven oils. Yet its breadth and diversity are admirable, offering as it does, in addition to nine pictures by Rembrandt, seven by Hals, four by Jacob Isaacsz van Ruisdael (the best of the family's three artists), while Gerard Ter Borch, Hendrik Terbrugghen, Nicolaes Maes, and Willem van de Velde are each represented with three works. The exhibition has only one deficiency: no painting by Vermeer van Delft, the greatest of the Dutch masters born a generation after Rembrandt, is included. All those available were claimed by the exhibition, "In the Light of Vermeer," which opened at the Hague in the summer and then went to Paris. (There is no such explanation, however, for the exclusion of Hercules Seghers, often called the predecessor of Van Gogh.)

IN any exhibition of seventeenth-century Italian or Spanish painting, the great majority of the pictures would have religious subjects. But in Holland there was not much demand for such works, and few appear in the current exhibit. Historical or allegorical themes were evidently more likely to appeal to the majority of buyers, but the greatest demand was for amusing pictures of boisterous peasants at taverns, for landscapes, views of cities, vistas of the sea, and, finally, for still lifes. Nudes are absent from the show, except those belonging in Biblical compositions—the Calvinists were puritans, after all.

There is a valid reason for being a bit wary of large Dutch exhibitions. Painting was so popular in seventeenth-century Holland that the country had, in addition to professional artists, thousands of cheerful amateurs, many of whom could afford to pay a fortune for the privilege of studying with a celebrated master. Thus, thousands of mediocre, or even downright bad, Dutch paintings are absolutely authentic seventeenth-century creations by unambitious craftsmen, each with a specialty of his own. But let us not be deterred by generalizations! While it is true that the Dutch—more than other nations—had a strange bent for vulgar and even coarse subjects, ordinary cattle in a meadow can provide a thrilling theme if handled by an Aelbert Cuyp, whose works exude the golden calm of peaceful afternoons. And for poetic winter scenes peopled with lusty skaters, one should look at works by Esaias van de Velde or Hendrick Avercamp and not at those of their pale imitators.

FOR a great many people, myself not included, Hals and Rembrandt constitute *all* that is worthwhile in Dutch art. Hals is represented in the show only by single portraits and one of the enormous group portraits for which he is so famous. They are all strong, energetic and, in some cases, swift and dashing, almost "Impressionist" pictures, admired by Manet for their freshness, their swift-moving brushstrokes. One picture, "Boy with a Skull," is different from the rest. As noted in the exhibition's excellent catalogue: ". . . Hals was not painting a conventional portrait, since the young man does not wear

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a costume of the period. The suggested title of 'Hamlet' seems a dubious one, since the dress is not even that of the contemporary stage figure. The painting was probably intended simply as a *Vanitas. . . .*"

The skull is an obvious reference to the Vulgate's "*Vanitas, vanitatum vanitas,*" and the long feathers on the boy's hat, too, are symbols of vanity. It might be mentioned, in this connection, that the exuberant Dutch, who thoroughly enjoyed—and so often painted—drinking and carousing (for instance, "Merry Company," by Willem Buytewech, or two pictures by Ostade) do not lack a somewhat melancholy side. This is demonstrated here by the *Vanitas* still lifes by Pieter Claesz and the relatively obscure N. L. Peschier: there is a skull on the table among the most beautiful and most precious objects to remind Holland's affluent society that, however splendid life might be, material things are transient.

As for Rembrandt, in this show there are three of his early, and not very important, pictures—a "Rape of Europa," and the pair of portraits of a preacher and his wife—as well as six late and very remarkable ones. One of the latter, "Portrait of the Artist's Son Titus," recently created headlines in the press, not because of its beauty but because Norton Simon of Los Angeles paid a fortune for it. Having been painted in 1653 or 1654 when Titus was already adolescent, it cannot be his portrait, since the sitter does not seem to be older than about five or six. Another picture of a young man dressed as a Franciscan friar in the exhibit, however, unquestionably bears Titus's features.

Many of the other works shown are by artists who were associated with Rembrandt, or were his pupils. Aert de Gelder ("Rest on the Flight to Egypt") came to Rembrandt as a boy of sixteen, when the master was in his mid-fifties. So completely did he surrender to his teacher's style that he preserved the Rembrandt manner until his death in 1727, when his late master's work had long since become old-fashioned. Nicolaes Maes in "A Mother Looking at her Child in a Cradle" also borrows Rembrandt's technique—strong light introduced, and then reflected in the shadows—yet he had originality and became a fine genre painter, rivaling Pieter de Hooch (represented here with a charming Mother and Child group). Carel Fabritius was the most original of all of Rembrandt's school, and the master of Vermeer. He might have occupied a long and important chapter in the history of Dutch art if he had not been killed in a powder explosion at Delft that also destroyed most of his works. The remarkably "Expressionist" "Head of an Old Man," included in the show, is one of his few surviving pictures. Ferdinand Bol, the most brilliant of Rembrandt's disciples, is responsible for the canvas with the improbable title "The Negotiations between Claudius Civilis and Quintus Petillius Cerealis on the Demolished Bridge." It is not his finest work (his portraits and his Biblical scenes are preferable) but it may have had a decisive in-

fluence on his career. When it was submitted to the city fathers of Amsterdam as decoration for the new Town Hall, they rejected it as well as a painting by Bol's master. This, along with other difficulties Rembrandt endured in his final years, may be responsible for the fact that in the very year his teacher died, Bol married a rich lady and gave up painting completely.

THE PAINTINGS of the artists mentioned so far appear so distinctly Dutch that one need not be a scholar to recognize their origin at once. But the organizers of this show were wise enough to discourage the notion of a monolithic Dutch art. Eugène Fromentin, who wrote in the last century, held a far too common view: "Dutch painting . . . was and could be only the portrait of Holland, its exterior image, faithful, exact, complete, with no embellishments. Portraits of men and places, citizen habits, squares, streets, country places, the sea and the sky . . . A peasant with a drunken red nose looks at you with his heavy eye and laughs with open mouth showing his teeth, raising a jug . . ." Fromentin told the truth, but not the complete truth. For three categories, characterized by the museum as Mannerist Painting, Caravaggesque Painting, and Italianate Painting, are excluded from the French writer's slightly condescending description. Indeed, the Dutch were not entirely provincial in the appreciation of art. Rembrandt was influenced by many of the painters of the High Renaissance, owned originals by Raphael, and, while he never visited Italy, knew its art from prints. Many artists included in the show spent time in Rome or Paris, and Gerard Ter Borch in addition visited England, Germany, and Spain.

The Mannerists—the term was invented by art historians—include Abraham Bloemaert, Cornelis Cornelisz van Haarlem, Pieter Pietersz, and Joachim Anthonisz van Wttewael, all half a generation or so older than Rembrandt, and all—unlike him—well traveled. Their art flourished around 1600, and, like the more celebrated mannerists of Italy, they pursued worldly, artificial elegance, contorted poses and original pictorial expression. As Horst Gerson in his fine but rather brief introduction to the catalogue, writes, Dutch Mannerism was "characterized by a fascination for excited, turbulent forms, and by a concomitant neglect of all plastic values. The colors tended towards pale shades of pinks and greens divesting the human forms and natural objects of 'realistic' qualities."

I do not think that these Dutch Mannerists will gain many friends here with their Biblical scenes, crowded with detail and lacking in symmetry as they are, not even those of Bloemaert, who studied in Paris, was greatly respected in Catholic Utrecht, visited by Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, and entertained by Rubens. But Bloemaert has something to his credit—among his pupils were Terbrugghen and Honthorst, the most gifted Caravaggesque painters. These two, unlike their teacher,

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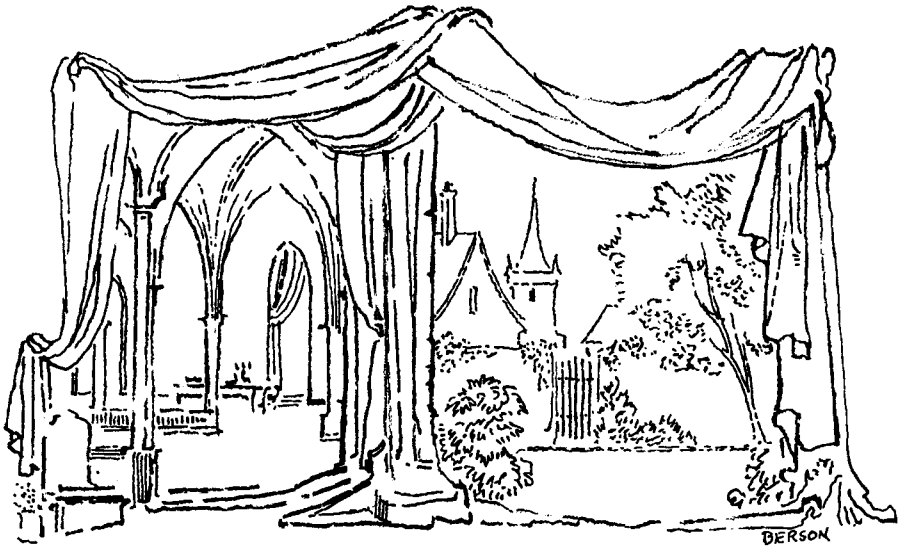
did go to Rome, and did come under the influence of Michaelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, "inventor" of the chiaroscuro technique, a dramatic emphasis on strong lights and deep shadows that was later developed with much spiritual subtlety by Rembrandt. In the show is "Supper at Emmaus" which, while not by Honthorst himself, must be an excellent copy of a lost Honthorst painting: the lamp in the center of the table throws strong light on Christ's face, and a weirdly surrealist impact is made by the almost completely dark silhouetted figure of one disciple, who, by covering it with a hand, is shielding the light source itself from the spectator. Gerard van Honthorst practiced his "Tenebrist" manner, combined with utmost realism in the depiction of figures, with such success that he became internationally famous as "Gherardo della Notte." His influence on Rembrandt is clear.

Terbrugghen's "Saint Sebastian Tended by Women" is a strong but gruesome piece of painting. Riddled with arrows by his Roman executioners, the centurion Sebastian, a convert to Christianity, is succored by another convert, Irene, who extracts the arrows. There are no other unpleasant themes, for, whatever stylistic and other differences existed in seventeenth-century Holland, the Dutch uniformly preferred the smile to solemnity and sadness.

CHEERFULNESS remained with them when they went to Italy. Moreover, they succumbed so entirely to the spirit of a land with no overcast skies, no fogs, no rains, no gray waters, that the pictures by Bartholomeus Breenberg, Cornelisz van Poelenburgh, Jan Both, and others who worked in Rome have none of the northern atmosphere to be found in the paintings of such stay-at-homes as Pieter de Molijn or Meindert Hobbema. Perhaps there is no common denominator encompassing all of Dutch art, except in the very broad sense in which Horst Gerson sums it up: "The dignity of that art was based upon a respect for reality in all its forms: for nature's simplest creatures, however small, and for her most complex and noble creation—man in all his diversity."



High Notes

ROLAND GELATT

THERE ARE PEOPLE, Shaw observed, for whom "dead prima donnas are more interesting than saints, and extinct tenors than mighty conquerors." To appease their appetites, a good many books have been written in the past hundred years setting forth the brief chronicles of these ancient songbirds. The latest of them, *The Great Singers,* by Henry Pleasants (Simon and Schuster, $7.50), is in many ways one of the best.

Mr. Pleasants has an orderly mind, and the great virtue of his book is its clear outlining of an orderly continuity in the history of operatic singing. He begins with the spectacular eighteenth-century *castrati* and ends up with Kirsten Flagstad, pausing en route to sketch the careers of some seventy singers—and at least to drop the names of several dozen more. In the process, many celebrated artists are fobbed off with a mere passing reference; one looks in vain here for a detailed consideration of Christine Nilsson or Fernando de Lucia, Claudia Muzio or Giovanni Martinelli, Lotte Lehmann or Lauritz Melchior. But their omission does not stem from caprice. Mr. Pleasants has been adamant in favoring those exemplars "who seem to have contributed most importantly to the decisive phases in the evolution of the vocal art," and though some of his choices are open to debate, the basic principle behind the approach is sound. Rather than a discursive compilation of biographies, this is a logical history of the trends and techniques of operatic singing.

I wish it were a little more fun to read. To do full justice to this subject it is necessary to nurture a secret love affair with all those foolish singers and their foolish operas. Mr. Pleasants is clearly not infatuated. His style is detached and urbane. And though he has done his homework well, one feels that it *is* homework, not the exercise of a consuming passion. Unlike Harold Schonberg, whose book on *The Great Pianists* provided the model for this one, he does not tell his story with much gusto. Indeed, the author gives himself away in the chapter on Pauline Viardot. After acknowledging this singer's many contributions to opera history, he goes on to say: "And there was one more contribution, for some of us the most treasurable of all: Brahms's Alto Rhapsody." A writer who can treasure that turgid composition above *Orfeo, Alceste, Le Prophète,* and *Il Trovatore* is not the

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ideal person to enthral us with the irrational entertainment that is grand opera.

UNTIL very recently, there existed a close correlation between the way singers sang and the way composers composed. Mr. Pleasants is at his clear-headed best in exposing the bonds that united the *castrati* with the composers of *opera seria,* in showing how the intensity of a Malibran or a Nourrit coincided with the new romantic effusions of Rossini, Bellini, and Meyerbeer, or in linking the expansive styles of a Caruso or Farrar with the *verismo* composers who were their contemporaries. And in a stimulating final chapter he discusses the dilemma of today's opera singer, who works with a stagnant repertoire and is largely cut off from the stimulation and the challenge of performing new music.

The leading singers of our time have found a temporary solution by retreating into the past. This is the golden age of the operatic revival. How long it can last is anybody's guess (at some point the bottom of the barrel will be reached), but the momentum is still far from spent. This fall two additional exhumations have appeared on records for the first time: Rossini's *Semiramide,* first performed in 1823, and Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia,* which dates from 1833.

Of the two, Rossini's Babylonian extravaganza is decidedly more interesting. Stendhal, generally idolatrous on the subject of Rossini, described it as "an opera in the German style" which left him "singularly unenthusiastic," and in predicting that Königsberg and Berlin would probably hail the work as a "miracle straight from heaven," he clearly left the inference that it would be acclaimed nowhere else. Stendhal's comments were made within a year of the first performance, and his prognosis could not have been more wide of the mark. *Semiramide* quickly worked its way into the standard repertoire of every leading opera house in the world and stayed there throughout the nineteenth century. Its chief roles —both fiendishly difficult—for soprano (Semiramide) and contralto (Arsaces) gave steady employment to a brilliant constellation of singers, beginning with Pasta and Malibran, and continuing with Sontag, Viardot, Grisi, Alboni, Patti, Trebelli, Melba, and Scalchi. The two last-named artists took part in the five performances that began and ended *Semiramide's* career at the then new Metropolitan Opera House. These occurred in 1894. Then the opera fell out of fashion.

Listening to the new recording conducted by Richard Bonynge and starring Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne (London 1383, stereo; 4383, mono; three discs), it is apparent why Stendhal tagged the work as being in the German style. It shows an orchestral richness, a dramatic amplitude, and a sobriety of workmanship that stems directly from Mozart and Beethoven. Unlike Stendhal, I find this all to the good. *Semiramide* has some of the most affecting music ever to come from Rossini's pen. To be sure, the story is nonsensical, but no more so than that of several other operas one could name; and in a recorded performance, silliness of plot can be largely ignored.

The London set makes a good case for the piece. I am not ordinarily a member of the Sutherland cheering squad, but it would be churlish to deny the stunning virtuosity of her work here. When this singer is knocking out a fancy *fioritura,* there's nothing like it. Moreover, in this recording she seems to have conquered her addiction to moaning glides and supine rhythms in favor of a crisper, more sharply etched attack. Marilyn Horne is similarly at the top of her form. I usually find myself somewhat put off by the aggressive, mechanically perfect assurance of this singer, but in the transvestite role of Arsaces these qualities are precisely what is needed. Together the two singers clear some fearsome vocal hurdles, roulading up and down the scale in tandem with incredible simultaneity. It's hard to imagine Grisi and Alboni doing this sort of thing any better. Alas, the rest of London's set is cast indifferently, but it is well worth having for the two ladies and for Rossini's music.

The other current revival, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia,* has an equally nonsensical libretto and a less rewarding score. As usual with this composer, the piece was thrown together to meet a deadline, and it shows the marks of hasty tailoring and intermittent inspiration. Still, it is far from a dead loss. The story—about a group of juvenile delinquents who invoke the wrath of La Borgia and her Mafia-like retinue—is at least good for laughs, the orchestral accompaniments are catchy, and the vocal writing is of the sort that can bring down the house.

THIS is what happened last year at the Carnegie Hall performance of the opera which served to introduce Montserrat Caballé to the New York public. It was a great occasion. Caballé's ability to float ethereal high notes, her dramatic sculpturing of the melodic line, her marvelously expressive hands combined to throw the audience, myself included, into a frenzy. RCA Victor promptly put the Spanish soprano under contract and initiated plans for a complete recording of *Lucrezia Borgia.* It was made this summer in Rome, under the direction of Jonel Perlea, with Shirley Verrett, Alfredo Kraus, and Ezio Flagello in the major supporting roles (RCA Victor 6176, mono and stereo; three discs).

Unfortunately, Caballé's performance in the studio falls short of her performance in the concert hall. This is a judgment based not on memory but on a comparison of the new set with a private recording of the Carnegie Hall event. The vocal quality is tighter, the phrasing more inhibited, the whole conception less free and soaring. And because of this, one notices that the singer cannot properly articulate a rapid run and that her trill leaves something to be desired. Caballé is a remarkable artist of whom much can be expected, but here she is not exerting all her magic. To help right the balance, her associates in the recording are superior to those who took part in the concert performance —particularly the Spanish tenor Alfredo Kraus, whose singing is notable both for delicate, seamless phrasing and ringing, well-supported top notes. Perlea leads a lithe, disciplined performance and the sound has the bite that we have come to expect from RCA's Rome studio.

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Not So Funny

JAMES A. MAXWELL

DIRECTOR Richard Lester seems to be a perverse theatrical alchemist with the power to convert stage gold into movie lead. I first became aware of his odd prowess about a year ago when I saw his filmed version of *The Knack*. As a play, *The Knack* was an excellent, offbeat comedy that achieved legitimate laughter through imaginatively funny situations and sound characterization. After Lester had loaded the motion picture with dubious sight gags and enough trick cuts for six "underground" movies, the sharp ring of the original was reduced to the plop of a dropped pancake.

But his reverse black magic wasn't really tested until he directed *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. Making a vapid movie from this highly successful musical required alchemy of a high order, but Lester was up to the challenge.

All the ingredients were there for a twenty-four-carat production. The scenario writer, often the culprit when such undertakings fail, was not at fault in this instance. The hilarious, bawdy script about conniving slaves, courtesans, and philandering husbands in early Rome was taken from the stage version without serious tampering. The cast contains some of our best contemporary clowns: Zero Mostel as the freedom-loving slave Pseudolus, the role he originated on Broadway; Phil Silvers as the keeper of the brothel, Jack Gilford as the fawning slave; and the late Buster Keaton as the bewildered father in search of his kidnapped son and daughter. Surrounding the central characters are some of the most beautiful and scantily dressed females ever to step before a camera. The sprightly music has been retained. How could such a combination go wrong?

There are at least two major difficulties that are immediately apparent, and both are in the province of the director. The first has to do with timing. In scene after scene, the comedy possibilities are dissipated because the episode is permitted to go on much too long. What should have been fresh and crisp becomes limp simply from overexposure. There is, for example, one wild chase segment that starts off being gloriously funny, but by the time it ends—hours later, it seemed to me—the whole business had become as tedious as waiting for the heroine to die in one of Wagner's operas.

The second comedy-killer is there because some of the actors are permitted to give broad stage performances before the camera which is basically an intimate medium. Scenes that would be exactly right to a patron sitting in the tenth row of a legitimate theatre seem grossly overplayed in closeup shots on film. Through much of the movie, the spectator feels as if the actors are giving him a poke in the ribs with each sally to be certain he isn't missing the joke.

I yield to no man in my admiration for the comic talents of Zero Mostel on stage. But he needs considerably more control than he received in the filmed *Forum* to be equally effective on the screen. His bulbous eyes, for instance, are one of his greatest assets in the theatre. However, when he uses them on camera as if he were playing to the back row of the balcony, the result is unnerving rather than funny. It is no accident that the two comedians who come off best are Phil Silvers and Buster Keaton, a pair of movie veterans.

ACCORDING to the program I received, producer Melvin Frank's order to the *Forum* company on the first day of shooting was, "If it isn't funny, forget it." I have the feeling that Lester took the command too seriously. Comedy does not respond well to pounding, and actors are not necessarily funnier because the director works them into a froth. Until Richard Lester becomes convinced of these simple truths, any number of good stage plays are in danger of going through the same unhappy chemical transformation as *Forum*.

Winter

When only the fog comes over the hill,
on the first day, snuffing the background out,
the near tree is clear against gray air.
An arm, a fan, the delicate dark network
of three large branches shredding themselves finer and finer—
the infinite distinctions pronounced
most clearly.

The next morning, snow.
And all the way up to the woods,
ruts and tracks and yesterday's lost trees are traced.
Where the truck and the tractor turned,
where the chipmunks ran all fall,
the routes are established.

It is all very clear,
every shape, path and the crossing color of birds.
If there was ever a time to see, to look out,
now

is the time or
if the weather holds for the day
then when definition gives way
to this one white slowly
raising its question
Where were you going, what were you looking for?

—JON SWAN

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BOOKS

Instincts and Prophecies

GEORGE H. T. KIMBLE

ON AGGRESSION, by Konrad Lorenz. Translated by Marjorie Kerr Wilson. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.*

THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE, by Robert Ardrey. *Atheneum. $6.95.*

It would almost look as though the children of this world have been wiser in their generation than the rest of us. For it is they who have believed all along that animals not only behave like people but are people, with the same hates and loves, fears and frustrations, needs and interests. (Only the other day, a three-year-old of our acquaintance was heard to say of a line-up of twittering swallows on a telephone wire that "they must be having a meeting.") Now their beliefs are beginning to get some backing from the children of light, notably from those who call themselves ethologists.

Although the study of innate behavior patterns in animals (the subject matter of ethology) goes back to the turn of the century, it was not until the 1930's, when Konrad Lorenz in Austria and Niko Tinbergen in Holland became interested in the field, that it gained much attention. Even today it is not as well known or as well regarded on this side of the Atlantic as in Europe. Why this should be so is a little obscure, since there are at least one hundred psychologists and animal biologists in North America for every one of each on the Continent. Perhaps Mr. Ardrey, who has a good nose for scent, is on the track of something when he complains that "American psychologists pursue their studies of learning almost as if instinct did not exist" and that American anthropologists are still dominated by the Franz Boas school, which holds that the power of instinctual drives has gradually withered away in the course of human evolution.

Be this as it may, things ought to look up for the ethologists quite a bit if the two books under review get the lasting attention they deserve. Certainly there is every reason for both of them to enjoy a large market. Both authors carry their erudition lightly. Both know how to spin a good story, and they spin plenty. Both appreciate the importance of change of pace and scene, and seldom, if ever, overestimate the layman's attention span. Both books are hard to put down—almost as hard as anything that came from the pen of Beatrix Potter. Here and there, they read like Beatrix Potter. Dr. Lorenz tells us in one place that when he asked a colleague why the faithful-unto-death type of marriage should be so rare among certain geese, she replied: "What do you expect? After all, geese are only human!" Though at times each of them comes pretty close to settling for original sin, cheerfulness keeps breaking through: the teeth can be pulled, the claws pared. Each has a happy ending.

THERE ARE, naturally, differences between the two books. Dr. Lorenz is first and last an outstanding scientist who has spent more than thirty years doing "clinical" work on the behavior of every kind of animal he could lay his hands upon—from lizards to Greylag geese —most of it with a view to understanding the role of intraspecific aggression (that is, aggression among members of a given species), and the means employed by the great "constructors" of evolutionary progress, selection and mutation, to divert it into harmless channels. He is also a poet, with the poet's eye and pen and reverence.

Dr. Lorenz is a prophet too, as most poets are. In his last chapter he asks the reader to believe that he is being "far from presumptuous" when he professes his conviction that "in the very near future not only scientists, but the majority of tolerably intelligent people, will consider as an obvious and banal truth all that has been said in [his] book about instincts in general and intraspecific aggression in particular, about phylogenetic and cultural ritualization, and about the factors that build up the ever-increasing danger of human society's becoming completely disintegrated by the misfunctioning of social behavior patterns."

Mr. Ardrey is first and foremost a playwright who has had his share of Broadway fame and fortune. But being this kind of "specialist in human nature," as he puts it, he has long "sheltered a conviction" that the anthropologists, biologists, and psychologists have something to say about man. In his *African Genesis* he put down some of the things anthropologists had been saying (to a hitherto rather small audience) about "the increasing evidence for man's evolutionary nature." In this volume, he follows up with "a close shot," a single aspect of human behavior that he believes to be characteristic of our species as a whole —one "shaped but not determined by environment and experience. . . . a consequence not of human choice but of evolutionary inheritance." Man, like most other animals, is nothing for Ardrey if not a territorial species, and the behavior pattern that he calls "territory," or the instinctive protection of "property rights," evolved, so he believes, as "a kind of defense mechanism, as nature's most effective answer to a variety of problems of survival." In other words, he is concerned with the receiving end, whereas Konrad Lorenz is concerned with the giving end, of nature's strategy for survival.

There is nothing defensive about Ardrey's stance, though. On the contrary, he is full of fight and simply cannot understand why there hasn't already been a bloody battle between those who stand for the primacy of culture and those who stand for the primacy of inheritance. Such a battle he may yet live to see, if enough people read what he has to say about the folly of supposing that poverty has anything to do with crime, that escalation can do anything but increase the determination of the defenders of Vietnam to turn back the intruders,

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 160

by HENRY ALLEN

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A 16 94 78 128 140 66 "I've got spurs that jingle, _____, jingle." Popular song.

B 30 154 Preposition of superiority?

C 107 70 143 31 156 172 Kind of tragedy written by Dryden, Sir Robert Howard, et al.

D 23 116 164 74 135 "Methusalem, with all his hundreds of years, was but a mushroom of a _____'s growth." Donne, Sermon on Eternity.

E 102 91 2 118 86 196 158 54 The Hope Diamond, for example (5,3).

F 62 38 115 105 138 Scene of World War I battle.

G 121 210 114 An edible Japanese herb.

H 52 119 212 174 9 146 152 181 83 Wicked.

I 98 217 108 88 "_____ it through, even from my boyish days/To the very moment that he bade me tell it." Shakespeare, "Othello" (1,3).

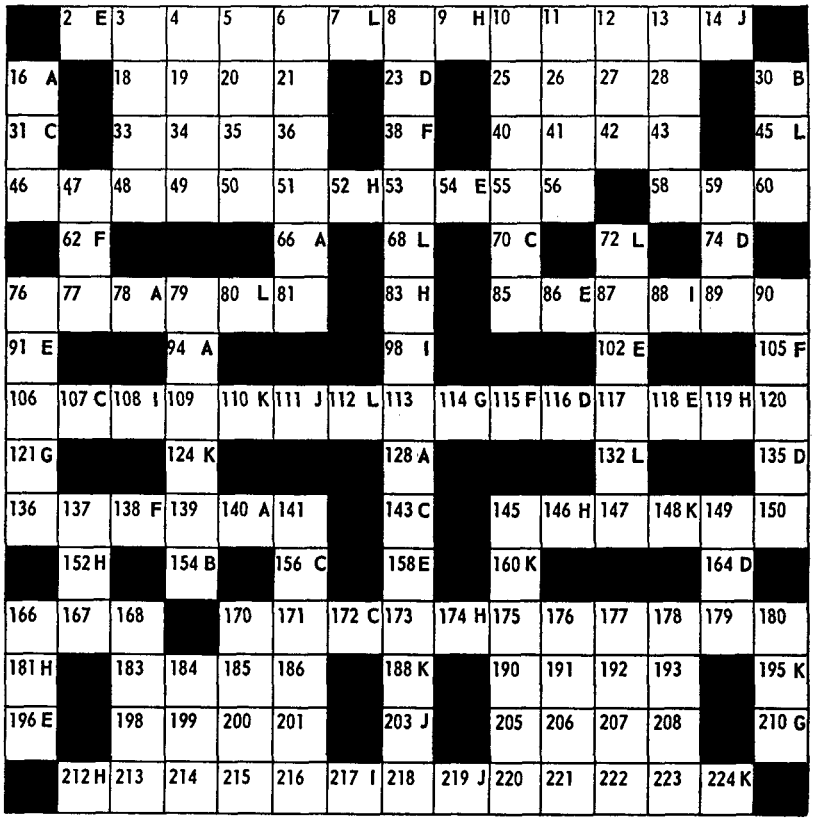
J 14 203 111 219 "His words...like so many nimble and airy servitors_____ about him at command." Milton. "Apology for Smectymnuus."

K 195 110 148 160 124 188 224 To the purpose.

L 68 112 7 80 72 132 45 Slang, ironic statement made before or after an unpleasant experience (4,3).

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

2. The Acrostician: what he is (9,4).
18. A fine cut of beef or lamb or lion.
25. The one and only fish.
33. Do as I say without my pronouncement and get fountain forte.
40. Equipped with pedal digits to dote on.
46. Seek man born with hyphennated monickers (6,5).
58. Dined in the Senate with no Japanese money.
76. Polonius advised Laertes not to be this if he wanted to be learned without a vowel.
85. More average and more disagreeable.
106. The Acrostician's town is also proud of these (8,7).
136. I become both reflexive and intensive.
145. Once fillets worn by women in bishoprics (Brit. sp.).
166. Hasten to vie for office.
170. The ice cold Alps always have slight faults.
183. Organs are plural.
190. Lake tossed about in Ireland.
198. It is civil disorder or it changes.
205. Spin about? It pinches.
212. The Acrostician holds all records for these (7,6).

DOWN

3. Labour pains have no rub and no pain in addition.
4. Behold gains approval. See?
5. You can edit it, but it won't wait.
6. It's a little sillier in a nervous way.
8. How the Acrostician won his championship (2,7,6).
10. 'Ow the Acrostician is 'eld when 'e meets anybody.
11. Bill's companion makes bird sounds.
12. Scandinavian called in the bull ring.
13. The girl in the swan song?
16. He's famed for patience but finds it a task.
30. A single unit is not noise, however.
47. A port that has become a favorite with Canadians.
59. Take the other alternative away and this article remains.
72. Spread to search after a third strike? (3,3).
76. A substitute clergyman could aim without aid.
79. Moisten when you want to depress.
90. Caesuras may provide lodgings for repose.
137. Pronoun sounds like a tree.
141. Is fate a synonym for fete? It can be.
145. No dame is found in this Italian city.
149. The whole man not out gone to the subject of experience.
166. A carpet that you can pull from Perugia.
168. He played but not in Reno.
170. The stem in a ship rowed by oars.
176. A girl who lights up like a bulb, perhaps.
177. Many a slip before these.
178. A kind of majesty, French-injured.
180. 33 across loses nothing but is still grieved.
184. Freshen by placing in the atmosphere.

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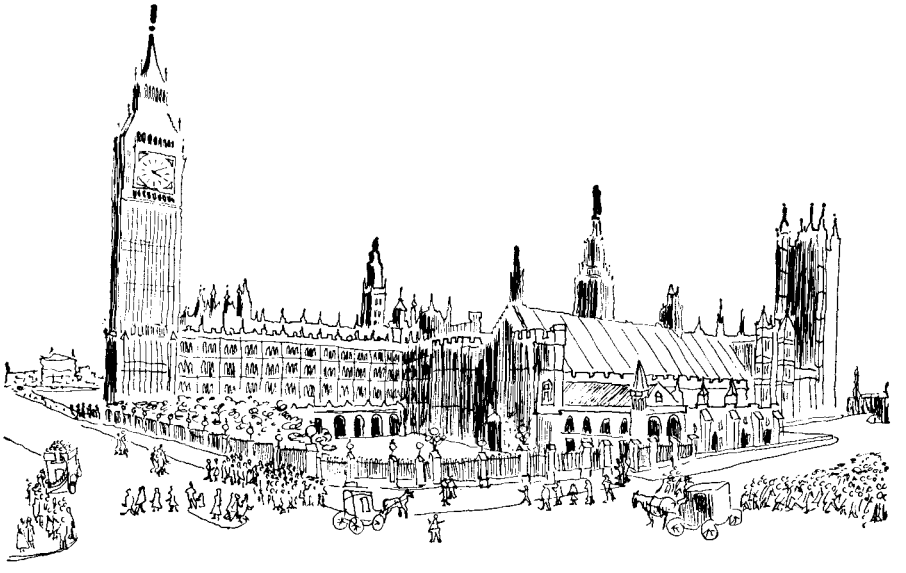
that South African apartheid can be anything but strengthened by all the "unenforceable resolutions passed unanimously by United Nations," or that the bond between a man and the woman he sleeps with is more powerful than that between a man and the soil he walks on.

AS A LAYMAN interested in territory —and nobody, I take it, has more of a territorial interest than a geographer—I confess to having some reservations about the chances of the story ending as happily as the authors seem to think, if mutation and selection alone guide the course of it. Mr. Ardrey (who tells us that "for what a play is all about I look to what is said when a curtain falls") gives us a Garden-of-Eden-type ending where every man sits under his oak tree, listening to the cadence of a running brook, and smelling green leaves dampened by the dew and the musky scent of of a nearby animal: Territorial Paradise Regained, in fact. Dr. Lorenz looks forward to an almost millennial world in which human aggression comes to be redirected at substitute objects such as sports, competitive and otherwise, and in which there is more enthusiasm for causes "commonly recognized as values of the highest order by all human beings"; more art, science, and medicine to relieve suffering; more humor, more insight, and more "indiscriminate" love and friendship.

What neither author worries about very much is what happens when, a couple of hundred years from now (assuming man continues to walk the knife-edge divide between enmity and amity, suicide and survival), the running brooks cease to run because of the demands made on them by one hundred billion people, the green leaves of the oak trees are blistered by hydrocarbons and other evil-smelling compounds, and the only territory anybody can count on is six feet of earth. Will this sort of thing be viewed with enthusiasm, insight, and humor? Will it furnish art, science, and medicine with the means and milieu needed for an unparalleled flowering? Will it nourish the seeds of love and friendship?

Wise as ethology may make us, I wonder if we have to assume that it is the only word that proceeds out of the mouth of the constructors, or the Constructor of them: that the "invincible surmise" that has inspired millions of souls down the ages is mere delusion, or the work of fakers. Can the authors, or any of us who are concerned with the laws of evidence, exclude the possibility of an inward vision and spiritual resources capable of carrying men to higher ground than that to which their genetical inheritance has brought them? After all, there have been men without aggression, and there have been territoryless men. There have been men in lands other than Palestine who have turned their back to the smiter, who when they were reviled, reviled not again and who, while recognizing the territorial imperatives of birds and foxes, had no place of their own, nor wanted one. Could they, perchance, have known of some other constructor—one capable of making new men, men capable of loving, if need be, one hundred billion neighbors?



Corridor Talk

ANNE FREMANTLE

HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS 1930-1939, edited by Nigel Nicolson. *Atheneum. $7.50.*

The Hon. Sir Harold Nicolson, son of the first Baron Carnock, sometime chargé d'affaires at the British embassy in Berlin, sometime member of Sir Oswald Mosley's New Party, sometime journalist and BBC lecturer, sometime member of Parliament for West Leicester, was eighty years old on November 21, 1966. From 1930 to 1964 he kept a diary. Whenever he was away from his wife, the writer Victoria Sackville-West, he wrote to her daily. From both these sources this volume, the first of a projected three, has been culled with consummate ability and tactful piety by the devoted younger son of these two very outstanding and, to all outward appearances, singularly ill-matched persons. Nigel Nicolson, like his father and elder brother Benedict, was educated at Balliol (to which college all the Nicolson papers have been left). He is himself an author, a publisher, and a Conservative member of Parliament.

On the face of it, his father's life was not particularly successful. At the age of fifty, which Harold Nicolson reached with "a deep sorrow," he wrote with charming humility that he was still very promising and would continue to be so until the day of his death, while admitting he had dispersed his energies in life and done too many different things. But what he missed in the use or abuse of power, in the opportunity to play outstanding roles, he

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made up in understanding, in tremendous industry, and in a fabulous gift for making his point succinctly. The great performers in life are rarely the great recorders—Caesar and Churchill apart. The Pepyses, de Sevignés, Saint-Simons have been corridor folk, and among these Harold Nicolson is second to none. He gives his valid and vital, if often too personal, view of many of the historic moments in the twilit thirties, those years that were the eye of the long storm that has been the whole weather of this sad century. And throughout, a charming, civilized, affectionate, and buoyant Candide, he has managed, quite literally, to cultivate his garden and turn a tumbledown castle surrounded with vegetables and a few old apple trees into one of the most beautiful "places" in the world, whose gardens are a perfect combination of classic design with romantic execution.

HAROLD NICOLSON'S first important assignment was as a member of the British delegation to the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. In 1921 his first book was published, a biography of Paul Verlaine. His literary output, for a man always also engaged in some other profession than the writing of books, has been extraordinary: thirty-five major works of history, biography, and fiction, as well as weekly and often daily articles. His son describes life at home:

". . . with the inevitable phrase 'Well, I must go and work' he would shut himself up in his room, pull out the typewriter and write steadily till dinnertime. His life at Long Barn and at Sissinghurst was regulated like clockwork. Breakfast at 9, work from 9:30 till 1, an hour's reading after lunch and then gardening, followed by a further two hours' work before dinner, and an early bed. It was a perfect life. As the other three of us were also reading and writing throughout most of the day, our shared industry seemed to multiply the available hours by four, and we would meet at mealtimes, without, I hope, any overt signs of self-satisfaction, to compare notes."

He gave up diplomacy because his wife would not accompany him to any of his posts and first took in-

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stead a distasteful job editing a daily page for Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*. This meant weekends at home and a busy social life in London, where he found collecting social, political, and literary gossip "debasing." One of his strangest encounters at his boss's house was with Winston Churchill on January 23, 1930:

"A great round white face like a blister. Incredibly aged. . . . His spirits also have declined and he sighs that he has lost his old fighting power."

Nicolson lasted at the *Evening Standard* only until August, 1931, when his increasing involvement with politics led him to leave Beaverbrook's employment for Sir Oswald Mosley's. The roll of Mosley's supporters at that time makes interesting reading. It did not include the so-called Cliveden set, but Rothermere, who offered to place the whole of the Harmsworth Press at Mosley's disposal, and, among others, Gerald Heard, who wrote for Mosley's paper. When the New Party collapsed in 1932, Mosley was asked by the Conservative Whip to rejoin the Tory party, and by Kenworthy to lead the Labour Party. But Nicolson was at his lowest ebb, for he was not asked by anyone to do anything, and he writes with wry frankness of his predicament:

"I have been inexpedient throughout. My connexion with Tom Mosley has done me harm. I am thought trashy and a little mad. I have been reckless and arrogant. I have been silly."

A month later:

"There is a dead and drowned mouse in the lily-pool. I feel like that mouse—static, obese and decaying. . . . I have made a fool of myself in every respect."

But he was actually more like the frog in the milk pail that hustled instead of drowning and found itself sitting on a pat of butter, for in the next three months, he wrote his most successful novel, *Public Faces*, which foretold "by name and function" the atomic bomb, produced thirteen years later.

Subsequently, still without regular employment and very short of cash, Harold Nicolson, accompanied by his wife, made his first trip to the United States. Apart from a few close friends, such as the Dwight Morrows and Alice Longworth, Nicolson did not care for the United States or its citizens. During the abdication crisis he barely refrained from telling Lady Astor that "after all, every American is more or less as vulgar as any other American." Churchill had said that in the United States one never gets real food, only chicken, and Keynes predicted (in 1931!) that America would revert to a Texas type of civilization. Nicolson found Americans "so slow in conversation that it is like being held up by a horsedray in a taxi." They lacked, he wrote, not only patina, a sense of the past, but also of the future: "They do not plant avenues for their great-grandchildren." While in America he permitted himself some tart replies, as to a lady journalist who asked if he and Mrs. Nicolson had ever collaborated in anything: "Yes, we have two sons." His account of hearing Roosevelt's inaugural address while countering the cackle of a woman's club luncheon is hilarious.

It was not until 1935, when he surprisingly won the seat in the House of Commons which he kept for the next ten years, that he really found himself. His maiden speech, as National Labour's spokesman on foreign affairs, was a great success. His dramatic sense of scenes in the House is unfailing. On December 10, 1936:

Sam Hoare "sends Baldwin's bromo fluttering to the floor. The old man collects them hurriedly and the next minute seizes his red-monographed sheets, walks firmly to the Bar, turns round, bows, and advances to the Chair. He stops and bows again. 'A message from the King,' he shouts, 'signed by His Majesty's own hand.' He then hands the papers to the Speaker. The latter rises and reads out the message of Abdication in a quavering voice. The feeling that at any moment he may break down from emotion increases our own emotion. I have never known in any assemblage such accumulation of pity and terror."

And again on September 2, 1939, when Chamberlain fumbled, "It was evident when he sat down that no decision had been arrived at. The house gasped for one moment in astonishment. Was there to be another Munich after all? Then Greenwood got up. . . . His own people cheered, as was natural; but what was so amazing was that their cheer was taken up in a second and greater wave from our benches. Bob Boothby cried out, '*You* speak for Britain.' "

Nicolson can also be amusing. As on April 2, 1936:

"I dine with Mrs. Simpson to meet the King . . . We all bow and curtsey. The King looks very well and gay. It is evident that Lady Cunard is incensed by the presence of Lady Colefax, and that Lady Colefax is furious that Lady Cunard should also have been asked. Lady Oxford appears astonished to find either of them at what was to have been a quite intimate party."

In the Cunard-Colefax duel (they were London's leading hostesses) Nicolson generally favored Lady Colefax, though once when she essayed girlishly to sit on her own floor he noted she looked incongruous, as if someone had laid an inkstand there.

He gives so much with so little: James Joyce's "great rings upon little twitching fingers"; the storks at Casablanca making love with "huge legs agitated at untidy angles." He can laugh at himself: when in despair at the flabbiness of British reaction to Hitler he writes, "Sadly I went to get my hair cut." And when he is lunching with King Carol of Rumania in Bucharest and the bottle of Sal Volatile in his pocket bursts, "I became aware of a cold trickle and the smell of ammonia." At 2.45 the King rose abruptly. Nicolson too, noting that the plush seat of his chair bore a deep wet stain. "What, oh what, will the butler think? He will only think one thing."

Nigel Nicolson's editorial conclusions must be those of every reader of these pages: that they are of historical importance "for the picture they give of literary, political and social London in the 1930's." And surely every reader will also agree that writing, which comes to most of us stodgily, came to Harold Nicolson as effortlessly "as ping-pong balls dancing on a fountain at a fair."

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